

THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

APRIL 1, 1809.

DUELLING AND SUICIDE.

For the Satirist.

Και τοι μιν χειρισσιν ὑπο σφειτησιν δαμνιτις

Βησαν' εἰς ἱερυντα δομον κρυφοῦ αἵδαο,

Νωνυμοὶ θανάτος δὲ καὶ ἐκπαγλούς περ ἱόντας

Εἶλε μίλας λαμπροὺς δ' ἔλπιον φάος ἡλίου.

Captious, and fierce, and prodigal of breath,

They gave and they receiv'd the stroke of death;

No more to view the glorious orb of day,

In stormy feuds they threw their lives away.

ΗΕΙΟΔΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΑΣΚΡΑΙΟΥ ΕΡΤΑ ΚΑΙ ΗΜΕΡΑΙ.

Proxima deinde tenent mæsti locum, qui sibi lethum.

Insontes peperère manu, lucemque perosi

Proccère animas. Quam vellent æthere in alto,

Nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores.

VIRGIL. *Æn.* VI. 434.

MR. SATIRIST,

THE recent magnanimous conduct of Major Carrington Smith towards Lord Ranelagh and his Lordship's groom, followed so instantaneously by an invitation to the field, justly entitles the hero (although he is, at present, "cooped in durance vile") to all the privileges, prerogatives, and

immunities of a modern MAN OF HONOUR. It was surely the gallant Major's misfortune, not his fault, that Lord Ranelagh would not condescend to exchange a bullet with him on this occasion.

Sir, when I seriously consider the education, the habits, the pursuits, the connexions, and the expectations both here and hereafter, of our most dashing blades of *ton* and fashion, I seem to recognise the traits that characterised the "*BELLI HOMINES*" of Rome in the voluptuous days of Martial. These fascinating traits are recorded in the sixty-third Epigram of that author's third Book; and (not having any printed translation in my library) I venture to send you my own free version of the passage for the benefit of Mr. T. S. and other dashing young men.

MARTIAL. III. 63.

That Tom's a dashing fellow! many say:

Now, Tom, do tell me—What's a Dasher, pray?—

" 'Tis dashing, Sir, to decorate one's hair;

" Rich store of perfume constantly to wear;

" To hum bravuras; with a janty gait

" To pace the public mall in swaggering state;

" Midst female coteries to waste the day;

" To gentle lady Jane soft nothings say;

" Brisk interchange of billets-doux to make,

" But shun free converse as you'd shun a snake;

" With bibulous ear to catch each daily lie,

" With nimble tongue to prate on heraldry".....

Enough! 'Is this to be a dashing fellow?

Tom, Tom!—a Dasher's fustian and prunello.

I congratulate the bucks and bloods of England, Mr. Satirist, on the sterner character which they exhibit in their persons, their language, their intrigues, and their amusements; they undoubtedly may be reckoned the "*belli homines*" now in vogue, and they hurl the fops and macaronies of France and Italy far indeed into the background.

A British MAN OF HONOUR, Sir, is like *his noble bull-dog*:—start not at my comparison, Mr. Satirist; I will explain and I will justify it.

A British bull-dog, of the *true* breed, is endowed by the beneficent hand of Nature with astonishing hardihood of body and intrepidity of spirit; so is, generally, his master. In the former animal, all the ferocious passions are elicited, cultivated, and exasperated, by a rude and systematic mode of training; in the latter animal, they are but too often indulged and pampered to excess by the fondness of parents, the obsequiousness of parasites, and the systematic defects of education in several seminaries of celebrity: the one, therefore, is encouraged to obey the impulse of instinct, the other is permitted to consult the dictates of inclination. With fierce and impetuous appetites, rendered ungovernable by repeated gratification; with a savageness of disposition, increased by compliances in those who attend them; with a temper rough, unyielding, proud, morose, and saturnine; with a temperament strong, sanguine, and vigorous; what are these worthies in the prime of life? I answer, without fear of contradiction, They are the bullies of civilised society. The Brute indiscriminately insults with the coarse offer of his caresses every female that attracts his notice, and, with equal insensibility to disgrace and danger, provokes quarrels, and combats with any adversary that chances to offend his *feelings*: such too frequently is the insolent deportment of man. Victims alike to rage and rashness, both blindly rush upon their fate, when once stimulated to action, totally regardless of concessions, courtesies, or warnings. The comparison holds good also in a variety of minor particulars, but these I respectfully leave to the investigation of your more intelligent correspondents. It is certain, therefore, that many a MAN OF HONOUR “lives the life of a dog:” it must reluctantly be admitted however, that the master is often

addicted to innumerable faults (such as *drinking, swearing, gambling, &c. &c.*) from which his valuable beast is, by constitutional principle, completely free.

If to be idle and to be wretched is the same thing; if the generous and immortal mind of Man is, of a truth, an indefinable essence, that (like its incomprehensible and almighty Creator) “neither slumbereth nor sleepeth;” if the animal and intellectual properties of our wonderfully-compound nature are really so constituted, as that their health and virtue consist in suitable action; I really cannot conceive a more miserable creature breathing on God’s earth, than a modern MAN OF HONOUR, when oppressed with a fit of *ennui*:—

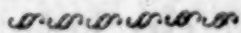
I had rather be a *dog*, and bay the moon,
Than such a *man* !

His thoughts are unimproving, and amuse not; his reflections on past scenes of debauchery delight not; his prospects into the gloom of futurity console not. Is his constitution still sound, his fiery soul must despise and execrate its present listless inactivity. Is his constitution broken and shattered by intemperance and repeated orgies, his remembrance of the vigour of mind and body he once possessed must exasperate every pang of disease, and stimulate remorse to madness. Drinking and noisy revelry with other wild libertines [his late infallible *temporary* restoratives!] afford charms to *him* no longer; and yet (like prudes, who are said to haunt the scenes where their *honour* died), behold! this bold, bad man rushes desperately forth from his solitary apartment, and plunges again, and again, and again, into coffee-houses, taverns, and bagnios, unwilling to commit SUICIDE, but not afraid to provoke *death!!!*—Is my painting overcharged, Mr. Satirist? Alas! *I know that it is not.*

The blessed precepts of religion do not enter into a DUELLIST’S *code of honour*: but, at the present hour (I

can scarcely divine why), whilst *duelling* is admired, *suicide* is condemned by the world of fashionable folly. Hence, Sir, whilst Roman *courage* is extolled to the skies, that splendid display of it, *at a season of despondency, and doubt, and distress*, exhibited by Cato of Utica with such cotemporary applause, is reprobated by English heroes as an act of *cowardice*. I advocate not the right to throw away life whenever existence may be deemed a burden; but I do most deliberately and solemnly contend that, in order to prove themselves consistent and to adapt practice to principle, those Men of high Fashion, who reject "*the hope of immortality*," ought rather to incur the guilt of Self-Murder than to commit the Murder of others *in cold blood*.

NON NEMO, LL.D.



CONFESSIONS OF A METHODIST.

PART II.*

BEING inwardly resolved to make up for the time which I had sinfully mispent among the naughty maidens in the wicked sport of *dancing*, I bent my mind seriously to consider how I might *walk* so as to be most acceptable in the sight of my great and ever gracious Master. I have already delivered my opinion respecting the merits of FAITH and GOOD WORKS; and I may add, that it was and is my firm belief, that, if they were to be matched to run from London to York, FAITH would come in at York, without turning a hair, before GOOD WORKS could hobble to Barnet. I resolved therefore to back FAITH against all odds, and give the go-by to GOOD WORKS. I knew very well,

* For Part I. see *Satirist*, No. 16.

however, that the barriers or turnpike gates, which the arm of the flesh hath raised on the high road of morality, would be shut against me, unless I could pay the toll : I determined therefore, if I could not avoid them by slipping through some bye road, to overleap them at once ; for I knew I could depend on my beast to carry me safe over. To speak in plain terms, I resolved to live by faith alone, and either to wade or break through all laws that might oppose me ; which, being of human institution, and partaking therefore of the original sin which so foully attaches to whatever is human and is not regenerate, if I had not been forward to condemn and abominate, my fellow-labourers in the work of grace might with justice have accused me of backsliding. On this account, however, the unsanctified have not failed to laugh and cavil at me, applying many scurvy names to me. But let them laugh that win, says the proverb, which I have ever looked on as a wise saying, and have acted accordingly.

The power of faith worketh wonders, as will be seen by some circumstances, which I shall presently mention. I have before said that the tinker's table was but poorly furnished, and I had a firm belief that better things were to be had, as indeed I had already experienced : but I inwardly resolved to exercise my faith for my own benefit alone, and not to let either the tinker or my mother be partakers of my gains, lest by encouraging them to sloth I might deprive my master of their service. " Gentlemen, that have got a stock in hand, laugh at those that are obliged to fetch their supplies daily from the fountain-head. But, alas ! an independent fortune is too often like the manna that Israel kept, which bred worms and stunk, while that which was gathered daily was sweet food."* " Independent Adam and the independent prodigal came both to bankruptcy and beggary."† " The liberal purse and the

* BANK OF FAITH, *Ded.* p. xviii.

† *Ibid.* p. xx.

besotting sin of the squire has muzzled the mouth of many a poor labourer in the vineyard."* But as for me, as I never yet had a single thing of my own, it must be apparent to all, who have faith themselves, by what means all that I have, or ever had, has been obtained. But lest any doubts should arise on the subject, which might give occasion to wicked scoffers to mock and revile, I will here note down a few of those providences which at present occur to my treacherous memory.

Near unto our hovel was a stubble field, in which a neighbouring farmer had turned out a flock of geese to fatten. I had frequently heard much in praise of a stubble goose, and I was often very urgent in my secret prayers to my bountiful master that he would grant my desire, and let me have a stubble goose for my Michaelmas dinner.—“Some of an independent fortune have condemned my prayers as carnal, in praying for such temporal things,”† “but the Christian is an heir of promise; therefore he has a right to ask for those things that will defray his expences through this world with that honour which becomes a saint and not a miser.”‡ It is better to beg than steal, say those who speak in proverbs;|| and the saying is true when rightly understood. I had, as I have said, often begged in my prayers a stubble goose of my bountiful master, and I became more urgent as Michaelmas day approached. I took a walk through the field where the geese were, and there I saw one of the finest of them standing on one leg with his head under his wing. I approached, and it moved not. ‘Verily,’ said I, ‘this goose hath my master given me:’ and behold in the same instant the leg on which it stood was in my hand. O the wonderful power of faith! I took it home unseen by any: my

* BANK OF FAITH, *Ded.* p. xxiii.

† *Ibid.* part I. p. 73.

‡ *Ib.* p. 99.

|| *Ib.* p. 73.

mother stuffed it nicely with sage and onions, and I have never tasted a goose since that I relished so much.

“ One particular instance of Providence I here recollect also.—At a time when I was so poor in pocket that I had not one farthing in all the world,*” I happened to be from home on the look out for providences. “ The weather was very wet and cold; night too began to draw on apace;”† and it soon became so dark that one could not see one’s hand before one’s face. “ While I was thinking of, and mourning over, my miserable situation, I thought if I were one that feared and loved God, as others in old time had done, I might have any thing at his hands; but as for me I had made him my enemy by sin, and therefore he would take no notice of me, nor of any body else in our days, for parsons and people were all wicked alike. Presently after this it came suddenly on my mind to go out of the foot-path, which led through the fields, to go into the horse-road; though at the same time the foot-path was by far the best. I had been in the road scarcely a minute before I cast my eye on the ground, and there lay a sixpence. I took it up: before I had walked many steps farther, there lay a shilling also. I took that up, and it supplied my necessities at that time very well.”‡ And though I presently after met a poor woman with two children, who was loudly lamenting the loss of this money, which she declared to be her little all, and was returning with a lanthorn in search of it, yet “ this providence and answer to prayer did so deeply impress my mind that God had some regard for me,||” and so fully was I convinced in faith that he had purposely committed a highway robbery on that poor woman for my sake, that I should have considered it treason to his providence as well as to myself to return it to her.

* BANK OF FAITH, p. 30. + Ib. ‡ Ib. p. 30. || Ib. p. 31.

Another time, "between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, I heard a person call at my window. I went down, and found several men on horseback, to appearance smugglers or highwaymen, who enquired their way to Malden Mills. I went a little way to shew them, for which one of them gave me a shilling. On receiving it, my very hair moved upon my head, at the reflection of the daily providences of God;"* for I was certain, from those he employed to bring it to me, that the shilling came from him. I mention this because God says that the gold and the silver are his: these things so endeared God to me, that I often called "him my Bank and my Banker:"† "I found God's promises to be the Christian's bank note; and a living faith will always draw on the divine Banker."‡

At one time, while I was accustomed to work in a gentleman's garden, which I considered as a most honourable employment, since Adam himself was a gardener, "I happened to have the gout in my pocket, which is what I call one of my often infirmities;||" and the truth is, I had brought it on by certain indulgencies of the appetites of the flesh, to which I confess myself by nature strongly addicted. The garden was at some distance from the house, and near it was a fine preserve of pheasants, partridges, and other game, which my master was very earnest to keep up. I was furnished with a gun to destroy the small birds, which did eat up the garden seeds, and thereby frustrated the hopes of the sower; and many a good sparrow pudding have I obtained by these means. But at this time that I speak of, "when going to my work, cruelly reflecting on myself for parting with all my money,"§ as I came near the garden, behold a number of birds flew directly across my path, with a whirring noise, like unto

* BANK OF FAITH, p. 44. † Ib. ‡ Ib. p. 70. || Ib.
part II. p. 74. § Ib. part I. p. 40.

the rushing of many waters. My gun was in my hand: I levelled it, and fired among them; and, lo, "just as I entered the garden gates I saw a partridge lie dead on the walk. I took it up, and found it warm; so I carried it home, and it richly supplied my table that day. A few days after this my master told me he had found a partridge on the garden walk also; but that it stunk. I told him I had found one a little before that time. He said that two males had been fighting, and had killed each other, which was very common. But I was enabled to look higher. Carnal reason always traces every thing from God to second causes, and there leaves them floating upon uncertainties; but faith traces them up to their first cause, and fixes them there, by which means God's hand is known, and himself glorified. I believe this battle between me and the plumed warriors was proclaimed by the Lord; for, if a sparrow falls not to the ground without God's leave (as the scriptures declare), I can hardly think a partridge does."* Both pheasants and hares have I found thus, when, having faith that I should find them if I sought them in the right way, they have placed themselves opposite to my gun, as I have been firing. Some graceless souls think all these things happened by chance, but I know better.

Every succeeding day "brought forth fresh work for faith and prayer. However, the morrow still took thought for the things of itself."† There was a large fish pond in the garden, where I was employed, and in this I had often seen some very tempting carp basking and sunning themselves. While my mother had remained in communion with the charitable rat-catcher, I had learned from him that a paste of certain seeds was very agreeable to the palates of fish as well as of rats, and, as I was pleased with

* BANK OF FAITH, part I, p. 40.

† Ib. p. 42.

the sight of the carp, I inwardly resolved to give them a feast: I accordingly made the paste, and, coming early in the morning to the pond side, I threw in a few pellets, and went my way. Not long after, however, "I looked into the pond, and there I saw three very large carp lying on the water, apparently very sick. When my master came to me, I told him of it. He went and looked, and said they were dead; and told me I might have them if I would for they were not in season: however, they came in due season to me. I continued to feed the inhabitants of the waters with their favourite paste, and I found, morning after morning, there lay two or three of these fish at a time, dead, just as I wanted them, till I believe there was not one live fish remaining, six inches long, in that pond, which was near three hundred feet in length. My master told me he thought it was the heat of the sun that killed them; but I knew that the sun shined in due season for me;"* for, peradventure, if there had been no sun to lay the blame on, I might soon have been under a cloud. Mrs. Webb,† one of the earliest among the pious sisters who, under me, received the first impression of perfect love (of which in my next part I shall proceed to speak), "has often partaken of these spoils, and the incredulous are very welcome to make enquiry into the matter."‡

"For the present, however, christian reader, we must leave off, or we shall give offence for chatting so long together. Cavillers will be ready to say that we are like children in the market place calling to their fellows, therefore we had better part than give any offence to them.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Parson: God bless you!"

"I thank thee, Christian; but beseech thee not to put any titles or compliments upon me: give them to those

* BANK OF FAITH, part I. p. 42. † Ib. p. 37. ‡ Ib. p. 42.

who can make a meal of them.—Tinkering is hard work, and tinkers require better food than compliment.

“Reader, fare thee well,

“Thine to serve in the bowels of Christ,*

“W. H.”

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## WESTBOURNE MANOR;

OR

### THE PROSTITUTE'S PENANCE.

SIR,

YOUR illustrious predecessor *the Gentleman with the short face*, commonly called Mr. Spectator, mentions in his 623d Number, an ancient and curious custom in the Manors of East and *West-Enbourne*, by which *unchaste* widows, in order to preserve certain privileges, were obliged to come into the steward's court, riding backwards upon a *black ram*, with his tail in her hand, and to repeat the following elegant lines, written, no doubt, by some poet laureate of early times.

“Here I am

Riding upon a black ram,

Like a w——e as I am,” &c.

As you, Sir, appear to be more modest than Mr. *Speck*, I shall not quote the remainder, lest some of your fair readers should request a translation of one or two *outlandish* words, and an explanation of the game therein alluded to, which might occasion the blush of confusion to mantle in your innocent cheeks. You are doubtless equally anxious with Mr. Douce and other celebrated antiquarians to do justice to the memories of our ancestors, and will allow me, through the medium of the *Satirist*, to assure

\* BANK OF FAITH, end of *Dedication*.

the world that both Mr. Speck and Cowell,\* from whom he obtained his information, were not strictly correct in their account of the above custom. The writings of Homer, Aristotle, Pliny, Virgil, and even Holy Writ, clearly prove that the specific uses to which the various classes of the brute creation were applied in the earliest ages were precisely the same as at this moment. Thus it appears horses were ridden, cows were milked, sheep were shorn, and oxen were harnessed to the plough; but no mention whatever is made of *black rams* being mounted either by chaste virgins or *rampant widows*. We have, however, traditionary evidence that *goats* formerly supplied the place of steeds among the hardy Cambrians; and I am now convinced, as you will be anon, that this was the species of animal which the fornicating dames of Westenbourne, commonly called *Westbourne*, were, and *still are*, doomed to *bestride*.†

I supposed that this singular custom had long been obsolete; but, happening to be in the vicinity of *Westbourne* towards the end of last month, I found that this idea was wrong; for, to my astonishment, I beheld a procession which only differed from that described by Mr. Speck, in the circumstance of the fair delinquent's being mounted upon a black Welsh *willy goat*, who, it must be confessed, looked so very *sheepishly* upon the occasion, that a *spectator* might easily have mistaken him for a *ram*. The poor beast seemed totally unequal to the *task imposed* upon him, and it was solely by the assistance of a lusty drayman, and two or three other *men of the mob*, that he was enabled to carry his frail load into the court. It is impossible to conceive any thing more truly absurd than this ridiculous procession. The lady, who I understood was

\* Cowell's Interpreter, 1637.

† The word *ram* in the lines quoted merely signified a *ram goat*.



about five and thirty, though she appeared much younger, was seated astride with her face towards the animal's most ignoble parts: in her right hand she held his *tale*,\* which was *wrapped up* in a parcel of *old letters*; probably to protect her from the disagreeable stench which he-goats usually emit. Her left hand contained a piece of paper, on which were *foully* written the lines which she was to REPEAT in the court: her heels were ornamented with huge spurs, which she frequently applied to her *Cambrian CHARGER*. Her head was *dressed* with *studied negligence* and *laboured simplicity*; her throat was unadorned with an *appropriate* necklace; and her *exposed* breast displayed nothing but a *black heart*. She had a very *bad* habit, which some people declared was made of *bumbeset*;† but I am quite certain it was white *bumbescen*.†

She was attended by a female whom *Chance* had induced to become a *Taylor*; and although *tailoring* is seldom well performed by the *softer sex*, I am told this ingenious young lady was a complete *mistress of the business*, perfectly understanding every thing about lady's habits or gentlemen's breeches, by which means she and her sister were enabled to live *with great credit*. The fair offender was much attached to her, and found her extremely serviceable in stopping holes in her garments, and *veracity*.

The goat was led, or rather dragged, forward by a tall thin long-nosed young man (who seemed to be a great favourite with the mob), and a little insignificant person from *Radnor*; while he was shoved behind by a parcel of ill-looking fellows, who I verily believe placed themselves in that situation that they might more conveniently pick the pockets of the gaping multitude.

\* I wish *these here* riters would larn to spel.—*Printer's Devil*.

† I know but little about lady's dress, and may probably have misspelt these materials thereof.—P. P.

As the procession moved forward, all eyes were fixed upon the unblushing *fornicatrix*, whose crimes seemed to be forgotten in the general interest which her peculiar situation excited.

Among the most active of the mob were *Sir Bubble*, the Welsh baronet;\* his brother *Counsellor Squeak*, the Orange knight; and all the staunch friends of liberty, injustice, slander, and disloyalty.

That you may have some idea of the motley group assembled on the occasion, I enclose you a sketch taken on the spot.

I understand the poor willy goat, notwithstanding all the support he received from the *men of the mob*, ultimately foundered in court; and that, although the frail lady sufficiently established her own infamy, she could not precisely tell whether she was wife or widow, and therefore completely failed in her *pious intentions*.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

March 16, 1809.

PETER PRY.

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GOOSE AND THIMBLE MEETING.

MR. SATIRIST,

IN some of the former numbers of your book, you printed two letters that RALPH RINGLET, of *High Street, Marybone*, wrote to you. I take the liberty to mention, that I belong to the same club as that gentleman. The present extraordinary high price of cloth is beyond all pattern, and fills the breast of every loyal tailor with ap-

* This doughty personage is about to publish *The Life* of this fair offender, written by herself; but, "as he goes to Court once a year," he says he must borrow his printer's name on the occasion, and not have his own on the *title page*.—*A fact.* In another gentleman that spoke at our meeting said: "For not to men-

prehension and dismay : several of us have had a meeting at the GOOSE AND THE THIMBLE, in *Threadneedle Street*, upon the occasion; and I should be obliged to you beyond measure, if you would let the public know what we think about the matter. I make bold to request this of you, because I know our best customers mind always what you print in your book; and they will be sure to do so more particular in this case, being a thing you can have no concern or interest in. For according to Mr. COBBETT's account, and every body knows his character for telling truth, you have enough to do to fill your belly without thinking of your back; and so it would be all the same to you whether cloth was six guineas or sixpence a yard, you would not be a pin's point the nearer to getting a coat. It looks best, when they that bring forward a public matter an't in any shape to be bettered by it, let it turn out how it will.

First of all, Mr. SATIRIST, only think of the distresses of the gentlemen of our profession: For my own part I have not put a goose to the fire above once this fortnight; and, as for cabbage, Heav'n knows when I shall get a bit. My shears are grown quite rusty for want of use; and the fore finger of my left hand is almost smooth already. I am afraid if things go on much longer in the present fashion this mark of my profession will be quite worn out. My shop-room is as lonesome and silent as a cabbage garden at Battersea, and I doubt if the pot-boy has not already forgot his way to it. *Hell* is quite empty; and, if it had not been for the turning a few coats for some parliament gentlemen, I don't know when I should have set a single stitch.

This is the case with the profession in general, Mr. SATIRIST; that is with all that mean to pay their drapers. And what do you think must be the consequence? Why national bankruptcy and ruin, to be sure; as one of the gentlemen that spoke at our meeting said. For not to men-

tion the thousands of tailors and *Sankopees** and their families, that will be downright starved, what is to become of the buckram and stay tape manufacturers, the button makers, the thimble makers, and the needle manufacturers of Whitechapel? Where are they to find a market for their commodities? Let them answer that who can, Sir. But this is not all. The enormous rise in scarlet cloth is worse than all the rest, as it concerns the military, and will do more than enough to cow their spirits and make them discontented with the service, which I should think must be contrary to the articles of war. I can only judge from our own corps; some of the smartest of our officers have already sent in their resignations, because they could not afford at the advanced price to have a new suit of regimentals for the Easter holidays, and didn't chuse to appear at Greenwich in their old suits: and I know, from my own knowledge, that the son of an eminent tripe merchant in Oxford market, a very promising ensign in our corps, is gone melancholy on the occasion, and has got the yellow jaundice. What is to become of the nation then, Mr. SATIRIST? 'Tis out at elbows and wants patching.

And who are at the bottom of all this? That's plain enough. But I don't see why a conspiracy of clothiers is to be allowed to raise the price of cloth, no more than a conspiracy of journeymen to raise the price of their labour. One is just as bad as the other in my mind; I can't see the difference of a pin's point between them, not I; only I think the journeymen have most reason. And what's the pretence for the extortion? No Spanish wool, they say. Ah! that's a fine story. 'Old England is come to a fine pass,' as the gentleman I mentioned before that spoke at our meeting said, 'old England is come to a fine

* This we conceive to be a term of art, which not understanding we are unable to explain.—EDITOR.

pass, when we want the *Spanish* to keep up our staple commodity. And then,' said he, 'didn't we send t'other day a whole army out to Spain a wool-gathering, and haven't they come home shorn? aye, shorn to the quick!' I did not know before that our army went to Spain to gather wool, but I suppose it was as the gentleman said. However, if they did, it don't seem they got any. But what I say is this: How comes it there is this "great cry and little wool" just now? All the long time we were at war in Spain, there was no scarcity of it; and now, after we have had, for almost a twelvemonth, all the sheep in the country and the people too to do as we liked with, and might have fleeced them just as we pleased, all at once we are to be flammied with a fudged up story of no Spanish wool. And how comes that about? Why, BONEY is got among the DONS. Hah! that's a pretty piece of pork and greens, and they may swallow it as likes; but it won't go down with me. There are plenty of places in Spain still to get wool from, and an't the sea open to us? In my opinion, it would be a libel upon the Navy to say it is n't, and they, as dare to do it, ought to be brought to a Naval court martial, and prosecuted by the *attorney general* for *scan. mag.* But more than that, there is not a lock of wool that BONEY can have laid his paws on, that could, if it had been ever so, have come into the market as yet; and so it's plain that can have nothing to do now with altering the price of cloth. No, no; it is easy enough to make out by the cut of the thing how the whole affair is shaped. BONEY has a finger in the pie, to be sure, as who but he, now a days? but it is n't in the way they make out. He has closed all his continent ports against our manufacturers, and so the clothiers have a large stock lying dead as a nit upon their hands: and now by doubling the price of what they bring to market, they want to make what they *do* sell pay for what they *can't*. And so that tangled skein of wickedness is unravelled.

But there is a way to be even with these conspirators, and I don't doubt, Mr. SATIRIST, when it is proposed to the public, but every true born Briton, that is not a *Dung*, will have the spirit to promote it; and then the clothiers will be as nicely fitted as ever they were in their lives. In future then let every body have his coat made of MANCHESTER VELVET to be lined with glazed cotton of any colour the wearer prefers. This would come cheaper than cloth at the old price, and would be much handsomer: and as this velvet is made of so many colours, every body might have that as would be most suitable to him. You may see this by the following short list of some of our great men, which Mr. *Shearwit* presented at our meeting, all drest in their proper colours.

Lord H—w—k	A cloudy Grey.
Lord E—sk—ne	Poppy.
Lord H. P—tty	A maiden blush
Lord T—mp—e	Whity-brown.
D—e of N—rf—k	French grey.
D—e of Q—b—y	Spanish fly.
Lord D—rb—y	Lead.
Lord S—dm—th	Rhubarb.
Mr. W—ndh—m	Pepper and salt.
Mr. S—d—n	Burgundy or claret for winter, and bottle green for summer.
Mr. T—rn—y	Any sort of changeable shot.
Hon. G. P—ns—by	Thunder and lightning
Mr. F—ll—r	Water-tabby.

There was a list, too, of another sort of people, but I did not take a copy of it. I only remember that Mr. Cobbett was *striped black and blue*. Every body agreed the plan was very ingenious, and doubting not you will think the same,

I remain,

Your very humble servant to command,

March 6, 1809.

TIM. TWISS.

P. S. As the seat of your small clothes, if you wear any, must often want repair from your sitting so much to writing, if you put in the above letter, I shall be proud to seat them for you at any time for nothing, if you an't particular about matching the colour.

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## ANTIENTS AND MODERNS.

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MR. EDITOR,

It has long been a contested question, How far the moderns might be compared with the antients; and many grave schoolmen, judging of the rest of mankind by their own conscious feeling of inanity, have been disposed most ingloriously to yield the palm of precedence to a parcel of *drunken poets, fighting heroes, snarling philosophers*, and ladies outrageously *virtuous* or outrageously *otherwise*.

That opinion might have been correct some years ago; but "I am free to say" that the present generation are as eminently conspicuous for surpassing all that have gone before them, as the modern Whigs are superior to those of the last century: the latter stuck to their principles, to preserve their consistency; the former would willingly have given up their consistency to preserve their places. The *tasty* Doctor Blair has observed, that whatever superiority the antients may have had in point of genius, yet in all arts, where the natural progress of knowledge has had room to produce any considerable effects, the moderns cannot but have some advantage; and a philosophic friend of mine from the sister isle boldly asserts, that the only advantage the antients had was in their *originality*; and that, if the moderns had lived before the antients, it could never have been said that *we* had stolen any thing from *them*. "B---d and oons!" exclaimed this philosopher; "havn't

we discovered potatoes? and how to live upon our fortunes after they're spent? and to makes spaches on both sides for the good of our country? And hasn't Sir John found out that it is wrong to stop the distillery, for fear of hurting the farmer; and that it is wrong to set it agoing again, for fear of hurting the poor? though God knows a drop of clane whiskey is *mother's milk* to an Irishman."

We shall, however, wave these *incontrovertible* remarks, and proceed to a short parallel or analysis of our subject; and there can be no doubt that we shall prove our superiority in arts, arms, and literature, and in all the virtues.

To commence with our heroes:—Little Alexander the Great conquered kingdoms, cried for more, and, when his army began to murmur at being placed in an awkward situation, told them to go home, and threatened to stay by himself and finish his conquests: but what is that, Sir, when compared with our great Napoleon the little, who, when in the same situation, disdaining *to copy the antients*, most magnanimously set off for home himself, "covered with glory," and left his army to get covered by the sands of Egypt, or by the humanity of their conquerors? X

The Macedonian prince raised a monument to his horse, and paid him divine honour: has he not been excelled by the learned *Ego*, who in his garden at Hampstead celebrated the funeral obsequies of-----his goose?

"What need I say of t'other madman loose,  
Grasping the s—ls, yet grieving for his goose?"

Nero raised his *horse* to some of the highest offices of the state; but, if we investigate some late proceedings on a *uti possidetis*, we shall find more important concerns have been confided to-----an ass.

The generosity and friendship of the antients have been much vaunted. Cato lent his wife to his friend; but we

are blessed with a *Limb of the Law*, at the present day, who willingly lends\* *his to half a dozen*.

For splendour of luxury, the famous supper of Lucullus can never be compared with a late Whitsuntide fête, which lasted as long as Jonah was in the whale's belly; besides, Lucullus had been for years proconsul of a rich province, whilst our modern had only been a T——r for a few days.

In literature our supereminence is as conspicuous as in arms or in virtue. Had the elder Anacreon never existed, our little modern Anacreon would have been unique, and would have been considered as going beyond Bonefonius and Secundus of the middle ages. Juvenal himself must yield in weight of satire to the ponderous author of "All the Blocks;" and surely nobody of taste will think of comparing the Idyllia of Theocritus with the simple lays of Willy Wordsworth. The Hells of Homer and of Virgil, with the more modern beauties of Doctor Faustus and of Death and the Lady, must yield in point of sublimity to the Devil flying away with Don Juan, or to the salacious scenery of the Monk.

Pythagoras vauntingly cried out "Eureka," when he discovered his celebrated proposition; but what is that, Mr. Editor, in competition with the wonderful discovery of a late wonderful Chancellor, who, with all the mathematical precision of a Cantab, proved that six was not the half of twelve, but merely the one third of what twelve would amount to when increased to eighteen?

In arts, our pre-eminence is as evident as in other points. Ptolemy Philopater built a ship that could never be got out of harbour; but our modern schemer has built two or three, which, when once fairly out of harbour, it

\* Our correspondent is wrong: the gentleman alluded to sells the charms of his beloved wife.



was feared would never be got in again: and the fame of Dedalus must melt away like his own wings, when compared with the aërial flights of Mons. Garnerin.

In this view of the subject I have merely considered the male part of the question; but the female part is also equally prolific. Clodius was ruined by gaining admission to the female orgies at Rome:—how many modern Clodios have been ruined by gaining admission to the female orgies of London, where the whole host of Pharaoh have conspired to pigeon them?—But not to trespass farther on your limits, Mr. Editor, what is Lucretia when compared with some of our modern dames? or what was Cleopatra herself in competition with Mrs. Clarke?

Your's,

JANUS.

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HINTS TO THE COLLEGE AT ARMS.

SAGE chroniclers of barbarous ages! how, unless harnessed in adamantine mail, shall I presume to enter your *listed field*? Now, in my mind's eye, stalking round it, do I see the shades of sainted heroes, of *Arthur*, *Trystram*, and of *Rowland*, with iron helm, and nodding plume, waving the bold defiance. Their shields hang in the airy hall, whilst Merlin sweeps his magic strings to tales of antient times. Within thine enchanted forests, what groupes of savage forms! Who shall dare to penetrate their dark recesses; where lions blue and green, with tigers, bears, and boars of every motley shade and colour, prowl around; where gryffins, wyverns, and the flaming dragons of th' heraldic art, fly o'er the head of the adventurous knight, and scream in savage melody. Yet have I sworn before St. George, the peacock, and the ladies, this wild adventure to achieve; and now with sword of truth,

and shield of forty quarterings, shall I advance to the "Enchanted Halle," pass by the drawbridge of enquiry o'er the moat of doubt and fiction, and, seizing the magic horn, in one loud blast, suspend but not destroy the necromantic spell; for sooner would I be clad in shining steel, or robed in russet stole of wandering pilgrim with the cross and scallop shell, be doomed the wild adventure to pursue o'er all the murky shades and wastes of superstitious romance, than, wrapped in cloak of cold philosophy, to sit me down and doubt, and reason, and deny, till Virtue's self had lost the glow of fancy; and till Envy with the brush of Apathy should blot out the achievements of *Antient Blazonry*, and the stimulative remembrance of hereditary worth.

No! I shall not couch the threat'ning lance, but gently wave my magic wand, and thus begin:

Though the strictest research cannot carry your art higher than the 12th or at most the 11th century, yet you must carry it to a much higher period. 'Tis true that *insignia* or marks on banners are of an early date; but that they were hereditary before the gloomy ages of the Crusades, has never yet been proved: you, however, can produce the original grant from the Herald's College of that day to the twelve tribes of Israel, as they are gazetted in that antient chronicle, the book of Genesis; and if that is not sufficient, an ingenious herald may produce the family coat of Noah, who bore, on a fess wavy azure, a bumboat proper, crest a dove, in his bill an olive branch, together with the family differences as borne by his sons; indeed, I recollect an assertion by one of your fraternity, that Adam bore vert, a spade and pitchfork saltirewise proper, for his own coat, impaling for *Mrs. Adam*, argent, a serpent nowed sable, though I presume he did not bear any coat before the fig leaf manufacture.

As it would appear from this, that you have the art of

giving *new arms* to *old families*, so you are also sometimes called on to give *old arms* to *new families*. There is a trite observation, "that nobody despises hereditary claims to rank except those who do not possess any." This observation I had more fully elucidated to me, a few evenings since, by an old gentleman resident some miles from London, in a new and flourishing town, and who is well known in his neighbourhood to have paid great attention to heraldry and local antiquities. The old man observed to me, "I have heard many people attempt to ridicule the study of heraldry, and laugh at those who seemed to set any value on it, but at the same time I have invariably noticed that many of these people, *when they get up in the world*, have come to me and said, 'Pray, Mr. T. can you tell me *my coat of arms*?' "

To you, Gentlemen, this question must be often put, and I must confess I pity you, for the puzzling situation in which you must be often placed. If Sir Matthew Mushroom, on being knighted, wishes to sport his helmet full-faced with his visor up, you may perhaps offend by asking *where* he came from, as the *puissant knight* may not be able to tell exactly; you may therefore venture to give him a new coat, being *or*, to express his wealth, a *bend gules*, to shew his pliability and rubicund front, between three lottery wheels, or three asses heads affrontee *sable*.

When a rich Jew gets naturalized, or sets up his carriage without it, if he can *afford to pay* the heraldry tax, he will apply to you for a *coat*, as naturally as a poor fellow will to a *ready-made* taylor in Houndsditch or Rag-fair, when he gets his week's wages; as it is not to be supposed that *you* keep them ready-made, or that you will venture to sell another man's coat, it will be necessary to *take the measure* of your applicant, and *fit him* accordingly.

Should he be of the tribe of Judah, you may decorate him with a golden lion, though if stocks fall, or omnium gets a tumble, a lion rampant azure would be more appropriate,—rampant, shews his readiness to lay his paw upon every thing within his reach, and as to his *looking blue*, any body may account for that.

Old Gwyllym in his elaborate discourse on Heraldry, says, that “the Bull and Bear” may be very proper bearings in certain cases; as his book was written before Change-alley was heard of, at least before it was applied to its present purpose, I have been sometimes tempted to believe that he was a prophet, and alluded to the present times; but on referring to Ben Jonson, I find that *Bears* were as plentiful in the city then, as now, and we may well suppose that their horned companions were as numerous, as *masks* and the *New Exchange* were then in vogue.

Having thus passed through the “Art and Myserie of Blazonrie,” we shall proceed to another of your functions, which employs, not only your inventive, but your creative powers; I allude to your pedigree-manufactory, where many a man of *high* descent, whose mother may have produced the *first* of the family in an airy garret, applies for a list of his fathers and grandfathers, to prove that he is come of *somebody*. Now, these *novi homines*, need not be ashamed of their *lofty* origin, as Bacchus himself was born in a garret, for you know we are told that Jupiter came to his mother in a shower of gold through the roof; with such a proof of the antiquity of their *high birth*, a pedigree might by some be thought unnecessary, but as it may perhaps be required for the preamble to their patent of peerage or baronetcy, you must tell the world who their grandfather was, and what great actions he may have performed. If for his actions

in the field, where he may have practised as *knight errant*, he should have been recommended to some of our *foreign settlements*, or if his immediate ancestors *in the line of descent*, should have *died for the good of their country*, you must be careful how you mention it, as 'tis rather a *ticklish* subject; indeed, in this case, if the *old ones* won't do, you must supply him with new ones; and here let no one accuse you of deviating from truth, for it cannot be doubted that a new baronet has just as many ancestors as an old one, only he can't tell all their names! therefore, as botanists or mineralogists give new names to old plants and old minerals, which have existed since the creation, so *you* give new names to old generations, and though his aunt might not have been a colonel of trainbands, nor his grand-aunt a justice of peace, yet they might have made more *noise* in the world than either, and perhaps be entitled to the heiress lozenge with the *oyster-shell* in chief and the cockle below the nombril point—or have borne their shields *ermine* of cats' and rabbits' skins, as itinerant members of the furriers' company.

I make no doubt you all lament that the good old custom of county visitations has been long laid aside; those were glorious times when Rouge Dragon or Norroy could set off for a three years excursion to the North or the West, and be certain every where of a hearty welcome; how much more necessary would it be now when almost every ancient mansion has got a new owner?

Shades of Fitzallan!—of Mortimer!—St. Valori!!! —Methinks I see you in gothic grandeur, as erst arrayed for the field or tournament, nodding your sable plumes whilst you turn indignant from the modern patronymics of the present possessors of your ancient halls. At the sound of the Hugginses, the Mugginses, the Wigginses,

the Spriggenses, the Longs, the Shorts, the Blacks, the Browns, of modern nomenclature, a browner horror spreads over the ivy which encircles your massy towers, or climbs your mouldering battlements—the hollow groans of departed times sound sullenly through your long drawn galleries, and your hoary turrets tremble to their base, whilst a thousand air-drawn forms flit before the eye of busy fancy, and seem to say “Alas ! how fallen !”

CROP THE CONJURERS

APRIL FOOLS.

HAVING occasion one morning, some years ago, to pass from Westminster to Lambeth, I was extremely surprized, as I approached Westminster-Bridge, by the appearance of an immense crowd of people collected there, which was increasing every moment by the conflux of persons, who were hastening from all quarters with the utmost hurry and eagerness. Mixing with the crowd, and being borne along by it, I at length reached the foot of the Bridge ; from which place I could see, that the river was covered with boats, and every barge and lighter full of men, women, and children, of all ranks and conditions. I was not long in learning the cause of this extraordinary assemblage. It had been publicly announced that for a wager of a thousand guineas, a gentleman would walk over at high water from Westminster-Hall to Lambeth-Palace, in a pair of cork boots. It is easier to imagine than describe the eager looks of the assembled multitude. As the tide rose to high water-mark, so rose their curiosity, and as it fell, and no water

walker appeared, so fell their hopes. Some one at last recollected, that it was the 1st of *April* ! The intelligence was soon communicated, and spread like wild-fire through the whole crowd. "We are made April fools!" said every one to his neighbour; and it is impossible to describe the silly looks of mortification with which they all slunk away. The next day appeared a notice from the wag who had practised this imposition on the credulity of the public, stating that the crowd having been so great on Westminster-Bridge as to prevent his passing that way, he had been obliged to perform his walk from Westminster-Hall to Lambeth-Palace by way of Battersea-Bridge.

This circumstance naturally led me to consider what might be the origin of the term April fools; and as this paper will make its appearance on the 1st day of April, no time can be so proper to call the attention of my readers to the subject.

The custom then is evidently founded on the credulity natural to man. Of this weakness sufficient instances, both in antient and modern times, are upon record; and indeed, it is from this that the most important and extraordinary revolutions in the political and religious world have arisen, since it is of this that artful men have always availed themselves to effect their purposes, and carry their interested views into execution. But without recurring to extraordinary events, instances of credulity in the common intercourse of life, must be familiar to every one: April fools are only one species of a very numerous class.

The English have the character, among their neighbours, of being peculiarly credulous; and, in truth, there are good grounds for the opinion. English faith has a most capacious, a most elastic swallow; it rejects nothing.

however enormous : there are not many countries where the bottle-conjurer would have filled a theatre with the first personages of the nation. But in England quackery and imposition of all sorts flourish with a luxuriance elsewhere unequalled ; for it is not by medical empirics alone, whose influence seldom extends beyond the vulgar and ignorant, that the public suffer themselves to be deluded ; in politics and religion, in literature and the fine arts, in science and commerce, quackery is equally practised, admired, and encouraged. But these reflections, perhaps, are too serious for a dissertation on the origin of *April Fools*.

An old monkish author, but whether it is Grapaldus, Paulus Warnefridus, Poggius, or who it is, I do not at this moment exactly recollect, among many other curious stories relates the following : in the translation of which, as far as my memory will serve, for I have not the book by me, I have endeavoured to preserve the spirit and manner of the original.

“ On the 1st day of April,” (the author does not mention the year, though he is very particular to note the day, as upon that the point of the story, he tells us, chiefly depends), “ on the 1st day of April, that sweet month, which, like a fair damsel smiling through her tears, seems to weep from the memory of troubles past, and yet joys that they are over, the lady Theudelinda, daughter of a Bohemian noble, was walking in the gardens of her father’s palace ; and with her a young and gallant knight, whose name was Conrad. Theudelinda was the fairest flower in the garden of beauty ; in feats of arms and all courtly accomplishments Conrad was unrivalled. No man beheld him without admiration or envy, no woman without love. But he loved only the lady Theudelinda, nor did she permit him to despair. As they walked dis-

coursing lovingly together, and using such gentle dalliance as modesty allows, time passed unheeded by them, for Conrad thought not of the sun while he gazed on his lady's more radiant eyes. Now it being the 1st of April, there were certain ceremonies from of old time observed in Bohemia, to be performed before the noon of that day: and in these it behoved Conrad to join: the manner and nature of these ceremonies will be explained by and bye: but he being, as was said, occupied in that amorous wise with his fair mistress, could not find one thought to bestow on aught beside. The fresh verdure of the turf on which they trod, spangled as it was with many a flower of various hue, the pure azure of the sky, the melodious singing of birds who chaunted their amorous ditties in every bush, and the free murmurs of a limpid streamlet now let loose from the icy chains of winter, all conspired to produce a sweet forgetfulness of the world.

"Theudelinda lived but for Conrad, Conrad would have died for Theudelinda. She had never before been so tender, he had never till then been so bold. The sun being now near its meridian height, its beams became oppressive; Theudelinda complained of its heat, and Conrad led her to a bower formed by the early foliage of the woodbine, and the glossy green of the fragrant myrtle.

"Now Conrad had a faithful page called Gelimor, who, as the hour of noon approached, fearful that his master would not be in time to join in those same ceremonies, ran about every where to seek him. At length Fortune led him to the gardens of the palace. Surely Fortune never played faithful page such a jade's trick before. After traversing various paths, when he was almost weary of the search, the gentle murmur of voices attracted him to the bower. He slowly approached, and, as he peeped through the yielding foliage, he ———"

And here the good monk breaks off abruptly to enter into a luxurious description of the melting eyes, the pouting lips, and snowy bosom of a young devotee, whom he is suddenly summoned to attend, and unfortunately forgets to resume his story. And the reader, who, under the idea of discovering the origin of April Fools, has been very eagerly devouring, on *the 1st of April*, this fine tale of Conrad and Theudelinda, is—

C. March 12.

AN APRIL FOOL.

THE REAL END OF THE ENQUIRY.

THE solemn mockery is o'er
At length : yet Britain may deplore
That far and wide the voice of fame
To every region shall proclaim,
While a successful tyrant's hate
Hung like a meteor o'er her state,
Her listening senate solely hung
Attentive on a strumpet's tongue ;
While from his woollack, lo, in vain
Eldon harangues the lordly train,
All to St. Stephen's dome repair,
For Mother Clarke's examined there.

All hail ! Saturnian days ! all hail !
When vice no longer shall prevail,
None o'er our legions shall be placed
Except the constant and the chaste ;
Who calls a fragile fair one dear,
Or whispers nonsense in her ear,
No more shall Britain's thunders wield,
Or lead her armies to the field.

But soft awhile—what virtuous race
These wicked warriors, shall replace ?
My Lords the Bishops, I'm afraid,
In youth have play'd the lover's trade ;
And, were those rivers prone to prate,
Isis and Cam could both relate
Pranks, which if published, might disgrace
With blushes each Right Reverend face.
Or should we trust our foot and horse
To puritanic W——— ;
If some sage patriot should produce
Loose papers for the Commons' use,
Each senator would hang his head,
When * Wesley's *pious* hymns were read.

Be not deceived, this cant of sin
Is but to change the *out* to *in* :
If Portland from the Treasury seat,
In Grenville's favour would retreat ;
If Canning would resign to Grey,
To Windham my Lord Castlereagh ;
If Perceval would yield the seals
To one less famed for head than *heels* ;
Generals might drink, and game, and whore,
And sell commissions by the score.

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A SECOND WARNING.  
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MR. SATIRIST,
SPITE of the warning I gave you on the 3d of last
November, † you have persisted, without the least relaxa-

* See SATIRIST, vol. III. p. 231.

† See SATIRIST, vol. III. A WARNING, &c. p. 466.

tion, in your unmerciful and unrelenting conduct, careless of what might be the consequences to yourself or your neighbours. That the very consequences, however, of which I warned you, have attended your obstinate perseverance in this hostility, this *bellum internecinum* which you seem to have declared against vice and folly, is a circumstance, which may serve to convince you, that my information respecting the designs and machinations of your enemies is correct, and that my advice proceeded not on light grounds. You may remember that I asked you, "if you fancied yourself invulnerable, that you thus seem to set yourself above all fear, or if you thought that those whom you had tortured had not the inclination or spirit to avenge themselves?" You will recollect too that I added, "an enemy is an enemy, let him be good or bad; and if I am *to be stabbed* in the dark, it is no matter to me whether the *assassin* be a fool, or a philosopher." Circumstances, which have since occurred, and which have been detailed in your publication, have explained to you the meaning of those hints, which you either misunderstood at the time, or wilfully disregarded. If the assassination, to which I alluded, did not actually take place, it was no fault of yours: you saw the assassin lurking in the dark, and you switched him with stinging nettles and thorns till he grew mad, and attacked the first passenger that fell in his way. How could you have reconciled it to your conscience, if the worthy gentleman, who so justly remonstrated* with you on the subject, had fallen an innocent victim to the ferocious and murderous spirit, which your persecution had excited? Would it have dried the tears of his disconsolate widow and four orphan children, to whom he so fondly and pathetically alludes, to have told them that it was all a mistake, that it was

* See Correspondence, SAT. No. XV.

yourself for whom the assassin intended the blow, but that you were still preserved to detect and chastise folly and infamy? Pray learn to practise a little forbearance and discretion, Mr. SATIRIST. Do not, for the sake of destroying one miscreant, discharge your blunderbuss among a crowd of innocent and worthy persons. Learn too that there are some things, which are impossible even to you; whatever confidence you may have been induced to place in your own strength by the success which has hitherto attended you. Rob fever and the plague of infection, and you may hope to check the contamination of vice. Why must you search the records of every tribunal in the kingdom to discover what convicted felons the various prisons have disgorged? Why dog them through every winding, till you have hunted them down, and set your mark upon them, deeper than the iron of the law, like a token over a lazar-house to warn people to avoid the pestilent contagion? Is it not natural they should turn upon you, when you have thus driven them to despair? Do you hope to expel such knaves from fashionable society? Exclude first the fools on whom they feed, and the knaves will disappear of themselves. This would, indeed, thin the parterre of fashion with a vengeance, but it would give honesty and wisdom room to grow. Unless you could do this, you must not wonder at stranger associations than you have pointed out in your satirical progress. Nay, if it could by possibility happen, that you should see a nobleman, or nobleman's son of high military rank hand a criminal from the scaffold of a pillory, and walk off with him arm in arm through the crowd, you will shew your prudence by making no impertinent exclamation on the subject; and should the officer, in this close contact chance to soil his regimentals with any of the rotten honors, with which the croud had bedaubed his friend, it will be wiser in you not to notice it.

It is to be hoped, however, that the salutary check, which you have lately received, will teach you to proceed with more caution in future ; if *every one* of your enemies were to obtain even *a shilling* damages it would amount to a serious sum ; since there is not a fool or knave in the nation, by whom you are not feared and hated. Beware then how you tread ; pitfalls and snares are laid in your path ; your enemies, united by the bands of mutual interest and mutual suffering, are entrenched behind ramparts of ordure, which, they trust, your own delicacy will lead you to avoid ; and from whence, should you still press on the siege, they are prepared to assail you with showers of filth, and stun you with the grunting of swine and braying of asses. In the conflict, should one of their leaden arrows chance to hit you, your *dear* friends the Methodists will chaunt a hymn of joy at your funeral, and give you a fair passport to their lord and master, *the devil*.—Beware and farewell.

March 15, 1809.

AN ALARMIST.

CORNUCOPIANA.

MR. SATIRIST,

THAT *similis simili gaudet*, is an adage almost worn threadbare by *sublunar* philosophers, however it comes pat to my purpose, as I mean to say that I have taken a great fancy to you, ever since you adopted the practice of shewing your full face, once a month like myself.

I have always had a great curiosity to know what is going on among you, and therefore I generally contrive to take a peep in the night or at an early hour in the morning, when I see more than some folks imagine ; as

when little miss loses her doll, or full-grown Miss —— her honour, “they know no more where it is than the Man in the Moon,” when if the Man in the Moon chose to tell——!!! In my nocturnal visits, I always *en passant*, Mr. Satirist, take a peep at *your* lucubrations, as I thereby find out all those fashionable folks who have become subject to my influence, and I was not a little pleased with the schemes of your new correspondent Peter Project, who I imagined had gone to the very *ne plus ultra* of human invention, unless he should think of boring an archway to the antipodes, or of some other *bore* equally feasible; but, Sir, judge of my satisfaction when I find that one of your greatest geniuses in that way, has drawn from his pigeon holes a plan for insuring the lives of *horned cattle*.* A plan, Mr. Satirist, whose good effects will not only be felt in your planet, but will even extend to my habitation, as *I* myself am amongst the number of *horned cattle* twice every month, as you may observe if you will take the trouble of looking over your head, or may hear most learnedly explained by one of my evening lecturers if you will take a walk over Blackfriars bridge.

As such an institution must be peculiarly beneficial to myself, I have a great inclination to be chairman; that however, is impossible, for the present chairman knows *as much* about the business as *I do*; all that is left for me, therefore, is to point out *a few* of the advantages that must result from such an undertaking, and which will justify our company in assuming the *Cornucopia* as our symbol, as doubtless many of the *horned cattle* about the metropolis, have found their horns teeming with plenty.

I observe that the increase in the city is so great that it is necessary to enlarge the market, and you surely

* See the advertisements in the public papers.

require a repository for them at the other end of the town, particularly as their lives being *insured*, there will be fewer chances of their dying off.

The late rapid increase in number, I presume, must be owing to *Vaccine Inoculation*, the central station for which I suppose is your large academy in Argyle-street, a place eminently fitted for the purpose, and no doubt the number will encrease yearly, from such an institution being formed for their benefit alone, as every considerate matron will be anxious to qualify her husband for a participation in such advantages; and the good man, however *thoughtless* before, will thus be speedily placed in the class of *ruminating animals*.

In order to establish our funds at first setting out, I propose that all crim. con. damages shall be paid in, to form a sinking fund, and that all private *bonuses*, when they can be found out, shall also be brought to account. These may sometimes be difficult to ascertain, but there are *some* cases where we may have public assessors for the purpose, particularly where the *horned* animal, his wife, and keeper live in the same house, as was the custom in Holland, with folks who lived near the Hague.

As for your city *bulls*, they and the bears will, I presume, have their business done, whilst *they* are in the Alley, and that their helpmates will be careful to have a *sufficient policy* to cover the risk; should these honest animals however wish to have their consorts insured for fear of accidents, we shall be obliged to class all ladies who ride on coach boxes, upon the list of combustibles; and all dashing brokers and natty coal merchants who leave their *baggage* at their country lodgings at Mile-end must be content to pay for it as *doubly hazardous*.

At the court end of your city, the risks seem nearly equal between the sexes, we may therefore run the wife

against the husband as in rates for double contingencies ; but if we insure the good man at a low premium, our per centage will be proportionally high, if called on to insure that the *paramour* will become a *husband*.

As we insure the animal when horned, it is also part of our plan to insure *against* his becoming so, but in all cases where the *lover*, with the assistance of an act of parliament, becomes the wedded lord, we shall consider him as taking the risk on himself, and that he is therefore *uninsurable*.

During the present fashions too, Mr. Satirist, the risks must be proportionally high, for you must observe, Sir, that ladies in thin muslin dresses are very apt to *catch fire*, particularly when exposed to *sparks*, and in these cases, there are no such things as fire-escapes to be applied, though some late writers have recommended a roll upon a carpet, as particularly efficacious.

In this part of our plan, we shall follow the example of the brokers at Lloyd's, who by means of alphabetical marks judge of the goodness of the bottoms before they under-write them ; thus my Lady A, will be a. 1.—my Lady B., will be b. 1.—whilst Mrs. C., D., or E., &c. may be noted with such high numbers, that no one who looks out for a *good policy* will have any thing to do with them.

Such, Sir, are the plans I propose for regulating your affairs ; I must still however keep an eye upon my friends above, and as I observe something like an approaching conjunction between Venus and Mercury, I shall now wish you good night !

Your's, &c.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

ELEMENTS OF POLITICS.

No. III.

I HAVE already shewn the extreme facility with which mathematical demonstration may be applied to political problems, as well as to problematical politics, and in this concluding Lecture on Literary Politics, and the Politics of Letters, I shall notice the great use of algebraic calculation with respect to unknown quantities, whether of *money*, of the *numbers* of bank-notes, or any other matter equally interesting.

We shall first advert, however, to our geometrical lemmas, but having done with all straight-forward argument and demonstration, it remains only to notice a method novel in its application, though not totally unknown to the ancients.

The venerable *Sturmius* informs us that although these wise ancients paid a strict regard to the certainty of their conclusions, and would not admit any but self-evident axioms, yet they thought it enough firmly to establish their theorems, and extort the assent of their readers, "little regarding by what ambages, by how many circumambulatory propositions, and almost whole volumes it was done." Hence, he observes, they made frequent use of *apagogical demonstration*, or the *argumentum absurdum et impossibile*, a mode of reasoning so much now in use in the literary politics of the present day. Another method, which seems now as much in vogue as ever, was by a species of analysis, leading plump through thick and thin, to their conclusions; which analysis, however, as old *Sturmius* says, in order to raise the greater wonder in

their readers, they afterwards studiously concealed, requiring nothing but your implicit belief of the conclusion, as a proof of your correctness of judgment; a method pursued with invariable tenacity in the oracular leaves of the *Bottleian professor*.*

As I have established my axioms in the first part, so shall I elucidate this by the following consequences:

I. The whole is greater than its part. *Ex. gr.* a mass of falsehood with a few truths scattered through it, will always overbalance any of the truths taken separately.

II. Those quantities which are equal to a third, are always equal to one another. *Ex. gr.* if a baronet or any other great man places himself on a level with a prostitute, he is therefore on a level with all those other *political quantities* who are also equal or on a level with the third quantity.

III. That which is greater or less than one of the equal quantities is also greater or less than the other. *Ex. gr.* this merely applies to *favourite* house-keepers, jacobinical news-runners, &c.

IV. Those quantities which are totally equal will agree. *Ex. gr.* two *political quantities* totally equal may agree; but not always; otherwise, if rogues never fell out how should honest men come by their own?

We shall now proceed to the demonstration of the remaining problems.

PROBLEM 5th. How to abuse the liberty of the press, so as to be constantly approaching the line of treason, and yet not to touch upon it.

The solution of this problem depends on the properties of the grand *political curve* which appears to a casual observer to go strait forwards, and may be explained by

* Professor of the vulgar tongue, but having no connection whatever with the learned librarian of Alma Mater.

the well known paradox of the two lines approaching to infinity, yet never coming in contact.

Let AB be the line of treason, and C.D. the political curve; let A represent that elevated tribune in which so many political adepts have been held up to the admiration of surrounding crowds, whilst its opposite B will be the tripod where more active demagogues have had their politics reduced to a certainty even whilst they were in *suspense*; the first being the *pons asinorum* of young beginners, and the latter the *ultima ratio* or *ne plus ultra* of all demonstration. Start your subject at D, proceed in a segment of a very eccentric ellipsis to C, from whence in your curvilinear progress, you are always approaching B until your distance from it becomes a minimum. Q. E. F.

We come now to our algebraic calculations, in which we shall investigate the use of *unknown* quantities, which unknown quantities are of two kinds, the first which nobody knows to be true, the second which every body knows to be false. The algebraic application of the first rules is simple; thus, in addition, let $a =$ a falsehood, $b =$ another, and so on, then taken singly they have no value as an equation, but $a + b + c + d, \&c.$ must come to something at last.

In subtraction let $a, b,$ and $c,$ represent certain truths, and $x, y, z,$ an equal number of falsehoods; now $a - x + b - y + c - z$ will be an undeterminate equation with the falsehoods on the negative side, but by transposing your terms, and bringing your *unknown* quantities into the right place, you give them an affirmative signification.

If you are perfect in these two first rules, *multiplication* and *division* follow as matters of course.

It is to be observed that political algebra differs in some of its axioms from that derived from the Arabs; for

instance, if two negative quantities be added together, instead of being less than nothing, they will assume the sign of *plus*, but you must be careful in solving your equations that they arrive not to that indefinite problem called a *non-plus*; again, if a positive be subtracted from a negative, the remainder will be equal to twice the negative, which is in direct opposition to the algebra of numbers.

PROBLEM 6th. Required the numbers and value of bank-notes, whose quantity is unknown.

Let x = the value y = the numbers, your impudence as a *known quantity* will be represented by n , and the truth of your assertion will be $= 0$, then

$$x + y = 0 + n.$$

$$x - y = 0 - n.$$

$$2x = 20 \therefore x = 0 \therefore y = n.$$

$$x + y = 0 + n.$$

From which we see that the sum total of the numbers and value, in the first step have no equation but your assertion plus your impudence; by the second step we find that the *value* without the *numbers* can only be equated by your assertion *minus* your impudence; and by the regular process of addition, the step being reduced, the value is again equated by your assertion, &c. therefore the *last step* is exactly similar to *the first*, and thus the problem becomes indeterminate, and may be argued in a ring.

Quod non est demonstrandum.

AFFECTATION OF RANK, &c.

Mr. SATIRIST.

ONE of your predecessors, in delineating the follies and foibles of mankind, has observed that in a few

years there would not be an *old woman* in the kingdom ; at present, there is nothing so uncommon as to hear or to read of a *young one*. We read often in the papers of young *ladies* being wanted for mantua makers. (journeywomen being no longer in existence) or of a *young person* or a *person* being inclined to take the trouble of house-keeping off any lady's hand ; but as for *young women*, they seem to be completely a *genus deperditum*, with the exception of "*young women turned of thirty*," who without any regard to salary, would willingly undertake a bachelor's concerns !

If the one sex are all *ladies*, so the other are all *gentlemen*, from my lord's gentlemen out of livery to the slipshod Taylor at the alehouse-fire ; but this *might* be allowed if the use of the name would induce those good folks to preserve that decorum in their language, and that regard to decency which *once* marked the conversation of gentlemen. As for that class in society, in which we would naturally expect the character, it is now so much the fashion there to lay it down, and to adopt the manners as well as the dress of the groom and the bruizer, that an observer is happy to find even its semblance in a smock frock, or a leather apron. But, Sir, if the term gentleman is become of common use, that of *Esquire* seems likely to become even more so, and it is now arrived to a pitch almost incredible.

Amusing myself a few days since with that kind of ambulatory literature which our modern peripatetics indulge in, I stopped to look at a monthly publication in a bookseller's window, ornamented with a very dashing likeness of " J. H. D'Egville, *E. q.* Director of——the King's theatre !" that is as I understand a kind of ballet-master, one who writes what is to be danced, and dances what ought to be written. Now, Sir, I will allow this, J. H.

D'Egville, *Esq.* all the merit he can claim for cutting capers, twisting rigadoons, instructing figurantes, and even for standing longer on one leg than a goose, or spinning round like a turnstile, but why, in the name of propriety, are all these things to be done by an esquire? If this professor of *pedestrian eloquence*, for such I presume we must call a man who *dances a story*, has *really* a claim to the title, it is surely time for him to leave off his present calling.

That we have some performers now on the stage, who are fit to rank with gentlemen, and to associate with peers, nobody will deny. But, Sir, it is not against the respectable part of the histrionic professors that I wish to level the shafts of Satire, nor would I be very angry if the rage for dubbing the lowest of public performers with the title should extend to *the dog Carlo*, to the Emperor of the Conjurors, or even to JOHN KETCH, *Esq.*; but the error seems now to have pervaded every class of society, and we may soon expect to hear that — *Polito, Esq.* has arrived in Smithfield with his *live lions stuffed* with straw, or to be called on to congratulate *G. Pidcock, Esq.* on the happy accouchement of his superb she elephant!

It is perhaps not possible at the present day to restore the title of *Esquire* to its pristine purity, but it is worthy of remark that in strictness it does not apply to many of those to whom the law is called on by courtesy to give it. Members of Parliament for the counties are required to be knights or such *notable esquires* and gentlemen born of the same county for which they serve as are *able and fit to be knights*;* this is expressed in a statute of Henry VI. and by a subsequent law authority, it is expressly stated that by the intendment of the law, the members

* We wish Sir Richard Phillips, *Knt.* would condescend to inform us what constitutes a man's *abilities* and *aptitude* for knighthood?

for cities and boroughs are supposed to be no other than citizens and burgesses abiding in and free, &c. so that such by their election are not deemed *Esquires*, nay, Sir, even so late as the reign of Charles I. it appears from Browne Willis's *Notitia Parliamentaria*, that in the lists many of the county members were only stiled *Gentlemen*. At present, indeed, his majesty says, "Gentlemen of the House of Commons;" but not many years since the form was, "You, the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses."

After consulting all the old authorities on the subject, I find that as late as the beginning of the last century there were only five distinctions in society which could claim the title; the first were those chosen to attend the royal person, and who were *not* domestic servants; the next were the eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons respectively and successively; the third were the eldest sons of the younger sons of barons and those of higher rank, and their eldest sons successively; the fourth included all those to whom the king gave the title, or whom he created such, by investing them with a silver collar of S. S. and a pair of white silvered spurs, and the title descended to their eldest sons respectively, whilst the fifth rank contained all those who held any public office of consequence in the state, or any honourable post under the crown. In these cases, however, the title was merely personal, not descending to their issue, nor remaining with themselves, strictly speaking, longer than they held the office, whether of the deputy lieutenancy, of the peace, army, navy, or any degree of law, &c. which placed the bearer on a footing with an esquire.

The name of Esquire indeed was formerly only a name of office attached to the manners of feudalty and chivalry, nor was it assumed as an honourable distinction of precedence before the reign of Richard II.

Having thus ascertained what *was* an Esquire, we shall give the definition of the term Gentlemen in the time of Camden. "Gentlemen," he says, "are either in general persons of condition and family, or such as *merit* and *fortune* have advanced above the common level."* Here then surely is a wide field for all aspiring geniuses of every subordinate rank, without their assuming a title to which so few can possibly have a just claim.

Such, Mr. Satirist, are the sentiments of

CAMDEN'S GHOST.

To the Editor of the Satirist.

NEW SUBSCRIPTION.

PLASE YOUR HONOUR,

AS I am a female I trust my being a countryman of Pater Finnerty's will not prejudice you against me before you know any thing at all about me. I shall therefore communicate to you in great confidence what I wish to be made as public as possible.—I have read in one William Cobbett's Weekly Register, and other daily papers, that two subscriptions have been set on *foot* with the view of keeping two worthy persons on their *legs*. And as I *feels* in my conscience that I am aqually entitled as the best on 'em to *public protection*, I shall just make bould to prefer my pretensions. Master Cobbett, I am tould, is so complatly occupied with Miss Taylor's affairs, that the Devil a rap of business will he do for any other

* Mr. Thomas Hague, the common informer, adds the word "*gentleman*," to his name, in all his informations!!!!

female let her wants be never so urgent.—And therefore Mr. Satirist, I shall just beg a corner of your Magazine to state my case *roundly, fairly and squarely.*

I was born at Drumballyoney and a swate town it is as any in all little Ireland. Father was a very industrious Roman Chatolic priest, and the devil a soul in all the province of Ulster, understood preaching, pigs, and potatoes better than he,—his name was Murtoch *O'Fortune*, but he afterwards changed it, (no matter at all for what rason) to *O'Stitch*. I was as clever a wench as you'll see in a hundred and swallowed my learning like whiskey, and on my conscience, before I was sixteen I understood all about conjunctions, copulatives, and things in general,—as well as Miss Taylor — of China-walk, Chelsea.

Now it so happened that one Dermot O'Shanagan, Esq. who was as rank a Protestant as ever ate pork on a fast-day, had displased a lady of my acquaintance, and said father was a rebel.—So we agreed 'twould be all fair to get rid of him. And went to Justice Delaney and tould him that Squire O'Shanagan was a traitor.—But father and to'lier lady made terrible work on't, and contradicted themselves and each other so swately, that Justice Delaney was about to dismiss all together, when in pops I and swears by the Saints that I remembered the Squire four years ago had talked a deal about brimstone, *smothering the Queen*, and such like treason, but I quite forgot all this was about a hive of honey-makers, your honor, for the lady had tould me not to remember that, and I loved her—as dearly as Miss Taylor do Madam Clarke. This puzzled his honour the Justice, who committed the Squire for trial, yet, would you believe it, for all this, the jury acquitted him.—But they were all protestants and most of them friends to king George of England, devil burn them.—As to kaping company

with prostitutes I am at least aequal to Madam Taylor in that, because I lived for two years with Madam Barrington, who lately exhibited on the *tight rope* before Newgate.—To be sure she did'nt tache me what's what, though she may'nt be so clever as Madam Clarke.—And as to *Madam Taylor's* being a *ruined* young woman*—why, on my conscience I've been *ruined* by half the men in Drumballyoney. If Sir Francis Burdett (blessings on his beautiful nose,) my *lord* Folkstone, Mr. Whitbread, or Mr. Wilberforce, wish to know *every thing* about me, they may call without fear of *corruption* at my lodgings in Dyott-street, where they will receive all *kinds* of satisfaction, from

KATHLEEN O'STITCH.

Subscriptions thankfully received, at the *Bullock and Beelzebub*, Paradise-row—*Key*, Chandos-street, and at every respectable B——y house in the metropolis.

N.B. Wanted a reputable banker for the same purpose, Mr. Tim Brown and Co. being engaged to do Miss Taylor's business.

K. O'S.

MISS TAYLOR'S CASE.

(See Political Register for March 11th and 18th.)

Tune, Lango Lee.

1.

OH! Briton's attend to a *maiden's* petition,

A maiden more pure *never plied on the town*.

Club guineas and shillings ye friends of sedition,

And haste to the counter of TIMOTHY BROWN.†

* See Cobbett's statement of Miss Taylor's case.

† "Who has kindly offered to receive subscriptions." Pol. Reg. March 18.

Who kindly stept forward to aid my exertions
 In favor of her, who now asks for relief ;
 Like me he loves all who have shewn their aversion
 To truth, when it *praised* the COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

2.

TIM BROWN is the partner of COBB—as a banker,
 The partner of WHITBREAD in porter and grains ;
 SAM likewise has given him a share of his rancour,
 And would—*could he spare it*—a share of his brains.
 His bank to receive all subscriptions TIM offers
 And 'twou'd not be decent for me to decline,
 The money, no doubt, will be safe in his coffers,
 Much safer, *some think*, than it would be in mine.

3.

I'll briefly relate now MISS TAYLOR's pretensions
 To public support—poor unfortunate wench,
 She's the author we know of *ingenious inventions*
 Ne'er heard of by English—ne'er *thought of by*
 FRENCH,
 The *use* of her mem'ry is known by the sample
 She shewed in the Senate, which all must commend,
 Her morals are formed from the purest example,
 For MARY ANNE CLARKE is her tut'ress and friend.

4.

She opened a school for instructing young ladies,
 In China-Walk, Chelsea—an excellent plan—
 And qualified well I am sure the dear *maid* is
 To teach little girls—“*The whole Duty of Man.*”
 Twelve pupils she got—but her examinations
 Have lost her them all—for their parents were fools,
 And stupidly thought Mrs. *Clarke's* near relations
 Were not the best persons for keeping girl's schools.

5.

Her debts are come in, and she cannot defray them,

"One hundred and fifty 's their total amount ;"

Then let us subscribe a *few thousands* to pay them,

The balance will settle—our *private account*.

"It is not the witness but the ruin'd female,"*

Whom all of us seek "to relieve and sustain,"†

When fair ladies fall—it is proper that *we male*

Part of creation should raise them again.

6.

Ope purses then all who adore prostitution,

And wish to support this poor prostitute's friend,

Who's threaten'd with writs — bailiffs — law — EXECU-
TION !

Lord help us !—who knows *where the LATTER may END*.

Then Britons attend to a maiden's petition,

A maiden more pure never *plied on the town*,

Club guineas and shillings, ye friends of sedition,

And haste to the counter of TIMOTHY BROWN.

W. C.

Botley, March 26th.

THE DUKE OF YORK.

AS every thing which eloquence, honesty, prejudice,
and malignity could dictate, has been urged both for and
against this illustrious personage, our remarks upon the

* I am aware that the line does not sound very harmoniously
in verse, but I was unwilling to alter a word of this beautiful
extract from the Political Register of March 18th, page 415.

† Pol. Reg. March 18th.

late investigation shall be but few. Those who have perused the former numbers of the *Satirist* will perceive that although we never attempted to degrade His Royal Highness as a branch of the Royal Family, we have expressed, pretty strongly, our opinion that his conduct as Commander in Chief was not altogether faultless.

The numerous defamatory reports which had been spread abroad by his enemies, coupled with some circumstances (which have now been most satisfactorily explained) had, we confess, strongly prejudiced our minds against him; and although we knew that Mr. Wardle had obtained his information from the most polluted sources, we were extremely apprehensive that he would be able to establish some facts which would lower his Royal Highness in the estimation of his countrymen. We say *we knew* that Mr. Wardle had obtained his information from polluted sources, because above two months before he gave notice of his motion on the subject in the House of Commons, we were intimately acquainted with all his *daily and nightly* conferences at Westbourne-place, where *Mac Callum* and Mrs. Clarke held their diabolical conclave, and arranged their vengeful plot. We rather conceive Mr. Wardle as the dupe of these wretches than as their accomplice *ab initio*, but we must state that we are induced to do so by the favourable accounts which we have heard of his honour as a private gentleman, and not by his public conduct as a British senator.

Mr. Wardle must have known Mrs. Clarke's motives to have been *revenge* and *Mac Callum's mischief*; it was therefore, to use the mildest epithets, highly imprudent, unjust, and indecorous, to bring forward the most serious charges against the son of his Sovereign at the instigation, and upon the *unsubstantiated evidence* of such disgraceful characters.

With the exception of Miss Taylor, the *dependant* and *relation* of Mrs. Clarke, he had obtained no corroborative testimony *previous* to his arraignment of the Duke of York, although there did *subsequently* appear to have been sufficient grounds for instituting an *Enquiry*.

Had Mr. Wardle contented himself in the first instance with stating that he had received information which tended to implicate the Commander in Chief in certain corrupt practices, and called upon the House of Commons to appoint a Committee to enquire whether such information was true or false, he would indeed have deserved the thanks not only of the country at large, but also of the Duke of York himself—but instead of doing this, he directly accused his Royal Highness of eleven specific *crimes*—crimes of the blackest dye, and declared that they were “*incontrovertible facts*.”

Was this consonant with the acknowledged principles of British jurisprudence? Was it just to declare first that the charges were *absolutely and incontrovertibly* true, and then call upon the House of Commons to enquire into their truth or falsehood?

Mr. Wardle has expressed great dislike to the title of ACCUSER, but never was it more appropriately applied to any man—had he in view no other object than *strict and impartial* justice, he would not have *kept back* evidence which he found would *favor* the cause of the accused—he would not have said to any witness, who declared his resolution to *utter nothing but truth*, after having caused him to be summoned to the Bar of the House, “If you mean to give *such evidence* you will not do for us—you will make *our* cause worse, I therefore shall not call you, and you need not attend.”—He would on the contrary have been equally anxious to elicit TRUTH whether it tended to *conviction* or *acquittal*.

Which ever way we regard his public conduct we can find nothing to commend.—If he *forcibly* wrested the letters which have been so frequently alluded to in the House of Commons, from Mrs. Clarke, he was guilty *at least of petty larceny*; if the rape were planned and committed with her consent, it was a dishonourable collusion, a despicable compromise with his conscience, and a contemptible subterfuge for premeditated equivocation; and yet after he had avowed himself guilty of this act, Lord Folkstone (with all that anxiety for impartial justice which distinguishes *popular* Members,) had the modesty to move that other papers, which had been accidentally obtained by the Committee, should be entrusted to Mr. Wardle, that he might select what HE deemed relevant to the subject of enquiry!!!

We have stated that *previously* to the late parliamentary investigation, we had imbibed strong prejudices against the Duke of York: we now solemnly, conscientiously, and unequivocally declare that all those prejudices have been completely obliterated from our minds, and that we are decidedly of opinion that His Royal Highness has been most falsely accused, most maliciously traduced, and most *scandalously persecuted*. After the minutest and most invidious investigation he has been acquitted by a large majority of the British House of Commons, not only of corruption, but of all knowledge of the existence of that corruption which he was accused of *participating*, but which, as it now appears, was systematically carried on for the *sole* benefit of the polluted wretches on whose testimony Mr. Wardle brought forward the disgraceful charges against him.

The calumnies of His Royal Highness's enemies had already rendered him unpopular, and it is almost as difficult to turn the current of popular opinion as it would

be to change the course of the Thames. When the public have been long accustomed to suppose any individual guilty of corruption, it is nearly impossible to convince them of his innocence.

Thus, "trifles light as air," are considered "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ," when they tend to convict the accused, while on the contrary the strongest circumstantial evidence is received with distrust, when it goes to his acquittal.—The enemies of the present ministers exclaim that the late enquiry was made a *party question*. To their own eternal disgrace, we confess it was, but it was they alone, who made it so.—The moment the opposition found that the popular clamour was excited, they, as usual, resolved to cherish and yield to that clamour, as the means of gratifying their own sordid ambition, and no longer considered the question as involving the guilt or innocence, the honour or disgrace, of their Monarch's son.

If we are inclined to blame his Majesty's *ministers*, for any thing, it is for carrying their impartiality too far,—and for admitting evidence to be given at the bar of the House, which while it tended to gratify the malice of the Commander in Chief's adversaries, was not at all relevant to the subject of investigation.

The justice and impartiality of the *Wardleites* may be pretty accurately ascertained from their conduct towards the several witnesses who appeared before the House of Commons. Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Favery, Pearson, and numerous others were guilty of the grossest prevarications, and the most self evident falsehoods, but it was in endeavouring to establish the *guilt* of the accused, and Lord Folkstone, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Whitbread, and all the *professors of independence* defended and protected them, but poor Sandon, prevaricated in a manner which gave

them reason to suppose he was friendly to the Duke of York, and therefore even his being committed to the custody of the Serjeant at Arms could not satisfy their vengeance against him,—but NEWGATE! NEWGATE! NEWGATE! was their immediate and reiterated cry.—Poor man, had he been detected in concealing fifty letters calculated to prove Mrs. Clarke the vilest of her sex, he too would probably have been *honored* with the protection of *the Wurdleites*.—General Clavering was in the same unfortunate predicament as Sandon, and experienced similar treatment.—Did his Majesty's ministers shew any wish to screen *these friendly* witnesses from the punishment they had incurred.—No! *It was the opposition members alone who manifested partiality and prejudice.*

By endeavouring to establish Mrs. Clarke's *credibility*, Sir F. Burdett and Mr. Wardle have placed themselves in a situation by no means to be envied.—If *she* spoke TRUTH *they* must have uttered FALSEHOOD, for her evidence is in some instances diametrically opposite to their own.

The advocates of this abandoned woman have sought to persuade the public that the only objection which could be urged against her credit as a witness, was her being a *particeps criminis*, and justly observed that hundreds of criminals had been condemned to the gallows on the evidence of an accomplice.

Now we believe that no body has attempted to falsify her evidence solely upon this ground: it must be recollected that she was notoriously instigated by motives of *revenge*; that she was *detected* in numberless falsehoods, and that she appeared totally to disregard truth whenever it militated against her views of vengeance.

These were the *real* circumstances which induced every unprejudiced person to suspect her veracity. With

respect to Miss Taylor's evidence we have only to observe that we know her to be devoted to the service of Mrs. Clarke, and we consider her no more entitled to credit than that infamous woman. If she were *compelled* to come forward, we believe much the same species of force was used as in the *rape* of the letters.

Instead of pity, we think she merits the severest reprehension, for we cannot behold her in any other light than that of the willing accomplice of an infamous prostitute whom she still audaciously accompanies into public, and in whose company she last week paid a visit to that most accomplished of civic knights, Sir Richard Phillips.*

In our next number we shall publish some convincing proofs of the *modesty, virtue and morality* of this much injured young lady. To suppose that William Cobbett is induced to promote a subscription for her benefit by motives of compassion and charity would be to give him credit for feelings unknown to his obdurate breast. The man who like him could suffer *his own brother*† to pine for years in the most abject state of misery and distress must be dead to every sentiment of humanity. MALICE against the Duke of York, and not pity for Miss Taylor's *self acquired* misfortunes, is his ONLY motive.

The *Wardleites* exultingly exclaim, "the voice of the country is with us.—Nine people out of every ten believe the Duke of York to be guilty."

Very probably they may, because nine people out of ten know nothing about the real merits of the case. They have merely heard his name coupled with *corruption*,

* Mrs. Clarke and Miss Taylor were seen at the King's Theatre together on the second night the Drury Lane company performed there.

† It is an absolute fact, that it was long, very long, before this inhuman miscreant could be shamed into affording relief to this wretched relative.

public robbery, plunder, &c. yelled in their ears by artful and ambitious knaves, and this is quite sufficient to convince the *mobility* that he cannot be innocent. Isocrates has very truly observed,

Την ἀληθειαν ἀγνοοῦσι, πρὸς δὲ τὴν δοξάν ἀπαβλαῖπται
πολλοί.

“The *multitude* are wholly regardless of truth, and are always misled by public rumour.”

The writer of this article beheld last week an immense mob collected round a carriage in Bridge-street, Blackfriars, on approaching he found that the objects of attraction were the infamous Mrs. Clarke, and Miss Taylor, whom the crowd were loudly huzzaing : observing, one man particularly vociferous on the occasion, he asked him why he so strenuously applauded that odious woman, Mrs. C.—“Because,” replied the man, “she woud’nt suffer the poor to be robbed any longer, and has *honestly* told how many thousands of our money the Duke of York has *put into his own pockets*.” And nineteen twentieths of the lower orders of society labour under a similar mistake. If a majority of those who have read the minutes of the evidence given at the Bar of the House of Commons, believe his Royal Highness to be guilty either of corruption or *connivance*, it only shews the despotism of public prejudice, which, alas, too often violates the purity of public justice.

We equally opposed popular clamour when we advocated the cause of the gallant Wellesley ; but, we believe, there does not exist an impartial man who is not *now* convinced that our vindication of that officer was just.

We, unfortunately, need not look back to the banishment of *Aristides*, to prove the injustice of popular cla-

mour—of which every succeeding age has furnished abundant instances. What but popular clamour conducted the innocent Louis to the scaffold, and enthroned the present tyrant of the French?

We envy not Mr. Wardle's *short-lived* popularity,

“Unius assis

Non unquam pretio pluris licuisse, notante

Judice, quam nosti, *populo* : qui stultus honores

Sæpe dat indignis.”

And if he has obtained the approbation of the ignorant, the prejudiced, and the malicious, he must be contented to share it with factious demagogues, self-convicted swindlers, and *abandoned prostitutes*.

We lament extremely that the Duke of York has yielded so much to public outcry, although we regard his resignation as the effect of conscious innocence and manly indignation,

March 22.

Mrs. CLARKE'S STATUE.

WE understand that certain *saints* and *sinners* have it in contemplation to erect a statue in honour of Mrs. Clarke near *Cuckold's point*. She is to be represented as VENUS, the goddess of *prostitutes* : instead, however, of the *Graces*, she is to be attended by *Alecto*, *Megara*, and *Tisiphone*, who will be in the act of placing a *brazen* vizor on her lovely countenance. She will be supported by CUPID, the god of *Love*, (whose eyes on this occasion will be *open*) and MERCURY the God of *Thieves*

holding in one hand a *bag of letters*, and his *Caduceus* (to which an additional *serpent* will be added) in the other. On the pedestal will appear, in *base relief*, her *arms*, the precise description of which we have not received, but have been informed that they *embrace* a variety of objects; her crest is a *heart, sable*, and her *supporters* a WELCH WILLY GOAT, *rampant, sinister*, and on the dexter side, the DEVIL, *proper, gardant*. Her own motto is, "*Omnia vincit amor*;" but that of the Sackville family is to be adopted instead, at the particular request of Mr. B—dd—lph, viz. "*Aut nunquam tentes aut perfice*." This gentleman, we understand, has also proposed that *some other token of respect* for Mrs. Clarke's charms, &c. should be erected at Westbourne-place, towards which he liberally paid down three hundred pounds, but though the lady herself did every thing in her power to promote his desires, he, for the present, completely failed in *his endeavours*.

The moment we receive a correct list of the subscribers to the statue, we shall record them "in the hope that our work will hand them down to the knowledge of their and our children."*

CRITICAL CONSISTENCY.

SIR,

I have been greatly amused by the discordant opinions, on the *same* works, of our modern reviewers, as exhibited in your useful publication under the title of *Comparative Criticism*: and therefore was much grieved at reading a

* Vide Political Register, March 25, p. 419. where the names of the *Wardleites* are most degradingly gibbeted.

pamphlet which will certainly have the effect of rendering them, in one instance at least, consistent. I allude, Sir, to *VINDICIÆ SATIRICÆ*, the author of which has rashly avowed his connection with *the Satirist*, and will therefore of course draw down upon his head the united vengeance of all the critics whose inconsistencies and fooleries you have exposed. Your *comparative criticism* has totally destroyed all *confidence* in these learned arbiters of literary taste, for how the Deuce is a man to know which of their words to depend on, when he beholds a work praised by one review for beauties, of which another declares it totally destitute—and its author commended for erudition, modesty, elegance of style, vigour of argument, and originality of thought by some, while he is accused by others of ignorance—arrogance—gross scurrility—feeble reasoning and bare-faced plagiarism? Now, Sir, all these harmless inconsistencies would have been unnoticed by the public had you not most maliciously opposed them to each other in the pages of the *Satirist*. What mercy then can Mr. Manners, who has avowed himself a proprietor of a work which has brought into contempt the whole fraternity of reviewers, expect from the critical tribunal? He might as well hope for impartiality and justice from the associated members of the Robin Hood society. I am convinced, Sir, that they will unanimously adjudge him a *block-head* and that I shall not have the pleasure of reading any *contradictory opinions* upon his *preconvicted* pamphlet.

However confident Mr. Manners may feel in his own strength, he should have recollected that a lion may be stung to death by a nest of hornets, before he thus exposed himself to the *united* attacks of all the *small wits*, (aye and *great ones* too) who at this moment infest the cities of London and Edinburgh.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

March 29, 1809.

CALEB CAUTIOUS.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

THE MILITARY METHODIST.

General Sir John Doyle, the governor of Guernsey, wishing one Sunday to inspect the fortifications round the island, sent to the commanding officer of Engineers to desire his attendance. This gentleman, who is a very excellent officer and worthy man, happens to have rather devouter notions of the duties of the sabbath than are generally entertained by the military. When the general's orders were delivered to him, he was at his private devotions. He instantly, however, obeyed the mandate of his commander, but at the same time, piously represented to him, that the Sabbath was a day which he generally set apart for the exercise of religious duties and acts of grace and *faith*. The general, having listened attentively to the engineer's scruples of conscience, replied, "I tell you what, Mackelkan, *Faith* may be very well, but, in an engineer, *Good Works* are better."

EPIGRAM

On Miss Taylor's Subscription, which "Mr. TIMOTHY BROWN, Banker, has kindly consented to receive," and to which Mr. Samuel WHITEBREAD, Brewer, has contributed 50l.

Miss Taylor, dear creature, no longer need dread,
(Though her character's *damag'd*;) the loss of her bread,
Like most '*ruin'd maids*,' she *applied to the town*,
And secured by these means both WHITE-BREAD* and
BROWN.

* Mr. Whitbread, out of sheer ill-nature to *punsters*, (he being as decided an enemy to *wit* as he is to the present government,) now usually omits the E in spelling his name.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF WILLIAM COBBETT'S MILD AND HUMANE DISPOSITION.

A boy employed by Cobbett to take care of his horses and dogs, mistaking his jacobinical kindness for tyranny, ran away last week from his service. The infuriated master instantly went to Southampton, and got a warrant from Mr. Smith to apprehend him, having sworn, as we are informed, that the offender was a servant *in husbandry*, although he does not farm an acre of land.* A constable was procured, who at ten o'clock at night entered the house of the boy's mother, which, by the bye was out of his jurisdiction, and took him. His mother and elder brother accompanied him to a public house at Botley, into which the constable retired to get some refreshment and wait Cobbett's arrival, leaving the boy and his friends at the door, the former of whom, naturally took advantage of his absence and ran away, while the latter walked quietly homewards; Cobbett soon after arrived, and finding the whole party gone, became outrageous, ordered the constable to pursue and take any of them he could catch, swearing he would prosecute them for a rescue. The constable soon overtook the mother and brother, but the latter objected to go back with him, unless he could produce his warrant, on which he replied,—“Oh, Mr. Cobbett is my warrant!” Blows ensued, but the constable raised a hue and cry, and by force put them into a cart and carried them back to Botley, where Cobbett greeted them with all the coarse abuse, of which he is so liberal to those beneath him—called the mother a brandy-faced b—h, &c. and after threatening them with all the penalties of the law, ordered the constable to put them into another cart and convey them to Southampton. When

* As we know Mr. Smith to be an upright and intelligent magistrate we are confident that he would not have granted the warrant unless this oath, which the law requires, had been taken.

they arrived, Mr. Smith was not to be found—but his brother, who is a very respectable attorney, being luckily there, told Mr. Cobbett he had acted very improperly, and recommended him to dismiss these poor people, which was accordingly done, and they had at a late hour of the night, sixteen miles to walk home. We are rejoiced to hear that the business is now entrusted to an eminent solicitor of Bishop's Waltham, and that actions are intended to be brought against the constable and his tyrannical employer.

March 25.

We have been informed that a conspiracy has been entered into by certain persons, whose talents are at least equalled by their profligacy, for the purpose of injuring Madame Catalani in the public opinion, and that the editors of certain newspapers have even been bribed not to insert any paragraphs in commendation of her *transcendent merit*, or in praise of her subscription concerts. We despise the venality of the press, and trust that the public will do us the justice to believe that *we* are incapable of *vending* our commendation or our censure; we shall, however, always be ready to bestow either *GRATUITOUSLY, whenever and wherever* we think them due. Madame Catalani was a few days ago requested to sing for the benefit of a certain charity, which request she was reluctantly obliged to refuse, as her own concert had long been fixed for the same evening. She however, enclosed in her answer a *twenty pound* bank-note. We have heard and seen her refusal invidiously mentioned, but no notice whatever has been taken of her charitable donation.

We rejoice to hear that this amiable stranger's concerts are most fashionably attended. Indeed, had she not met with that patronage which her talents and her virtues so pre-eminently deserve, we should have been almost induced to believe that *moral depravity* was the *only* sure passport to the favour of a British public.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA !

John de Lancaster; a Novel. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. in three vols. pages 300, 292, 292, 8vo. Price 1l. 1s. in boards. Lackington, Allen, and Co. 1809.

JOHN DE LANCASTER is a sentimental novel of the higher order, in three volumes, divided into books, which are carefully subdivided into chapters with short titles to them, for the sake of greater perspicuity. It begins in a plain, frank and easy manner. The ingenious author tells us, that he enters at once upon his story without any introduction, having already announced this work in his *Memoirs*; and,

“ I flatter myself,” adds he, “ if it is perused with that candour, to which fair-dealing has some claim, it will serve to entertain the major part of its readers, disappoint not many, and corrupt not one.”

The narrative is extremely amusing, and written in a lively and equable style; it is always correct, and often elegant: In its pages we find much learning, and numberless effusions of the tenderest sensibility, with the truest and most pathetic touches of nature; but no bombastic flights of imagination, no far-fetched imagery, no insidious positions. All is pleasant, and consistent; and the several personages introduced, and the various scenes described, are all hit off with singular neatness of ex-

cution in the gentlemanly spirit of genuine English humour. This alone, surely, is no mean praise; but Mr. Cumberland's merit entitles him to nobler honours. The mode in which he evidently in the work before us desires to be considered as challenging the love and admiration of his readers, is—*Delectando pariterque monendo*: and herein he is certainly successful. In the words of Johnson on another author, (Richardson,) Mr. C. endeavours to *teach the passions to move at the command of virtue*; and we congratulate the public on the brilliant execution of a design meritorious at all times, but incalculably beneficial in times like the present, when ten thousand presses groan with lewd and detestable compositions, of every species and degree of comparative malignity: such as "*the Monk*,"—"the Barouche Driver and his Wife,"—"Woman, or Ida of Athens,"—"Memoirs of the P. of W."—"The Bachelor,"—"the Toilette,"—"Romantic Tales, by M. G. Lewis,"—"The Trap."—"The Royal Urinead,"—&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.—*opera sanè omnia digna hesternæ occurrere cænæ*.

In more than fifty passages of Mr. Cumberland's novel we perceive striking resemblances to the wit of STERNE, carefully cleansed from those Augean taints which defile the whimsical pages of *Tristram Shandy*: and we hesitate not to declare our honest opinion, that when an original writer condescends to copy merely the manner of any popular author, his imitation, if confined within reasonable bounds, becomes not plagiarism but improvement; "*dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter*." To be sure, Mr. C.'s Muse is often extremely playful, skittish, and frisky, (vol. I. pages 27, 28, 34, 282, 296,) she is seldom wanton, (vol. I. page 256, containing a sly *double-entendre* on a lady's hip,) she is never downright indecent; "*virginibus puerisque cantat*." The speci-

mens of poetry, occasionally inserted in the body of the history with exquisite taste and feeling, adorn while they enliven it by relief—like a few delicate spangles on a fan. We think all the pieces are beautiful, but we select the plaintive lines of an old blind harper, David Williams; as, by reason of their shortness, they seem best suited to the narrow limits of our review :

ON DEATH.

What art thou, Death ; that we should fear

The shadow of a shade ?

What's in thy name, that meets the ear,

Of which to be afraid,

Thou art not care, thou art not pain,

But thou art rest and peace :

'Tis thou can'st make our terrors vain,

And bid our torments cease.

Thy hand can draw the rankling thorn,

From out the wounded breast ;

Thy curtain screens the wretch forlorn,

Thy pallet gives him rest.

Misfortune's sting, Affliction's throes,

Detraction's pois'nous breath ;

The world itself and all its woes,

Are swallowed up in death.

After the perusal of these four stanzas, what wretched namby-pamby appears the emperor Adrian's celebrated

*'Address to his Soul !'**

* Animula vagula blandula,

Hospes comesque corporis ;

Quæ nunc abibis in loca,

Pallidula rigida nudula,

Nec ut soles dabis jocos ?

Pope has greatly improved these ideas in his paraphrase.

Our author's good natured satire is most provokingly severe upon the pride of philology and genealogy in Robert De Lancaster, of Kray Castle, the érudite grandfather of his hero: still, the old gentleman's strangest eccentricities are managed with considerable dexterity. Although of a higher and more dignified character, Robert De Lancaster somehow reminded us of Addison's *Sir Roger De Coverley*. Indeed, we are willing to confess our honest belief, once for all, that Mr. C. not unfrequently allows himself to profit by former discoveries, and to walk freely in the self-same path that numbers of his illustrious predecessors have profitably pursued; but we cannot assent to the opinion of those critics, who charge him with the humble and servile attempt, to *tread exactly in their very steps*, like a wild American on a marauding expedition.

The different Lectures on Harmonics and Musical Instruments are admirable banters.

The interviews between John De Lancaster and Amelia Jones, the hero and the heroine of the piece, are, from the first to the very last, all drawn by the hand of a master: all are contrived with art, yet this art is so skilfully exerted that all bear the tokens and features of unsophisticated nature. The young beauty's sweet declaration of her love in Vol. II. pages 252, &c. is remarkable for innocence and candour: there is, however a very equivocal sentence in page 257, which we should advise to be altered in future editions, and which we decline to copy, out of sincere respect and regard for the general decorum of the author.

The assembly of the Minstrels in Vol. II. and *the journal of Mr. Philip de Lancaster* in Vol. III. are both uniques in their way, and most happily invented.

The following sensible observations in Vol. III. page 172,

on a daily very familiar and very disgusting occurrence in several modern families, struck us much. After a sumptuous dinner at Kray Castle, the gallant company drank their wines for a time, and then adjourned to the drawing-room to join the ladies.

“ This was the time when every one was solicitous to approach and pay their homage to Cecilia De Lancaster; here, like Cato's daughter, she presided, whilst winning mildness and attractive smiles dwelt in her eyes, and with becoming grace softened the rigour of her father's virtue. On one side of her sat the sage preceptress of the young and blooming Amelia, who, on the other side, assisted in the elegant administration of those lady-like offices, which it was not then the custom to transfer to a domestic. The refreshments of the tea-table came recommended to our lips from the fair hands of the lady president, who delicately distinguished every person's right, and without confusion of property guarded his exclusive cup, and faithfully returned it to the owner. Now, some snuffy hectic house-keeper huddles all together, and indiscriminately serves out the messes, hot or cold, strong or weak, as chance directs, to be handed round the room for those, who chuse to try their luck in a lottery of hot water, very little better than poor Timon's dinner to his disappointed parasites.”

To the culpable apathy with which men and women of rank and fashion behold the thousand petty deviations from form and etiquette, we attribute great part of that rude, gross, and boisterous conduct now so often permitted at routs and evening parties; for when the pale of ceremony is once broken, (as in the instance before us,) rudeness and insult soon enter the breach:

Εἰ γὰρ κεν καὶ σμικρὸν ἐπὶ σμικρὸν καταβῇ,
καὶ θαμὰ τῷδ' ἐξδοίῃ, τάχα κεν μέγα καὶ τὸ γένοιτο.

Hesiod.

Those parts of the novel, in which the author more

immediately addresses his readers in his own person, and on his own affairs, will not be disregarded by the liberal and the humane. We are proud to admit some extracts from them into our pages.

“ If I take,” says he, “ the freedom of saying a few words, whilst the fable pauses, recollect that I cannot in the course of nature have many more opportunities of conversing with you, and few have been the writers with whom you have had more frequent intercourse, or who have been more pertinaciously industrious to deserve your favour and esteem, for I am now striving to amuse and edify even the youngest of my readers, when I myself am short of four score years by less than four ; and I am inclined to believe, that the mere manual operation of writing these pages, (as I am now doing *for the third time* with my own hand,)* would be found task enough for any person of my age, without engaging in the labour of inventing, or the risque of fathering them.” Vol. I. p. 121.

“ What recommendation would it be of this book, if humbly I should say, it can do no harm ? But if vainly I avowed that it was my object and endeavour to do good, I might indeed speak the truth as to my wishes, but I should palpably disguise my expectations. It will do no good. Reformers are as unpopular as informers ; the medicine which nobody will take, can do nobody any service. When I witness the avidity, with which men will read a thing called a novel, wherein the characters of their friends are libelled, what folly would it be to suppose they will countenance an attempt to impress them with more kindness for their fellow-creatures than they are disposed to entertain, or will suffer themselves to be persuaded, that their fellow-creatures merit ?” Ibid, pp. 298, 299.

“ The awful character of the time, in which we now live, calls upon every writer to be cautious how he appeals to the pas-

* We recommend this praiseworthy caution to Mr. Robert Southey, to Miss Owenson, και τοις άλλοις ανουτοις.

sions of mankind. The novelist, who is professedly a writer of this description, has no arbitrary power, independant of morality, over the characters he exhibits merely because they are fictions of his own inventing: he has duties, which he is bound to observe, and cannot violate without offence.—Under this impression, I endeavour to conduct my fable, studious to make that amiable, which I strive to make attractive; and although in obedience to nature, I must mingle shade with light, I flatter myself that vice of my devising, will have no allurements to attach the unwary, nor virtue be pourtrayed with those romantic attributes, which, bearing no similitude to real life, leave no impression on the reader's mind, nor can be turned to any moral use." Vol. II. pp. 103, 104.

"The circulation of a work is propagated by the cry of the many; its perpetuity is established by the fiat of the few. If we have no concern for our good name after we have left this world, how do we greatly differ from the robber and assassin?" Ibid, pp. 177, 178.

"The chaste maiden and the prudent wife shall turn these leaves with no revolting hand, nor blush for having read them. The friend of man will find no fault with me for having given a dark shade here and there upon my canvass, to set off and contrast the brighter tints and nobler attributes of human nature. Whether in novel, drama, or in poem, I love the mirror that presents mankind in amiable lights; nor can I think that frowns or wrinkles are a mark of wisdom, or that asperity becomes the face of critic or philosopher." Vol. III. pp. 105, 106.

It is our duty and delight to give honour where honour is due, as it is our hard task to censure and stigmatise the unworthy; and we should most justly incur the suspicion of prejudice or neglect were we long to withhold our hearty approbation of the work before us. To some well-known weather-beaten drudges of the present day, we could gladly tender the compassionate advice of Horace,

(if they had sense to take it,) and would earnestly entreat them to "send their battered jades to grass." Not such, however, shall be our language to Mr. CUMBERLAND. He is, indeed,

Jam senior ; sed cruda Deo viridisque senectus.

VIRGIL. *Æn.* VI. 304.

Cælebs in search of a Wife ; comprehending Observations on domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals. In two volumes. Pages 412, 426, octavo. Third edition. London : printed for Cadell and Davies, in the Strand, 1809.

This is a novel of a very superior class, and its rapid advance to a third edition we hail as a pleasing demonstration and proof both of the intrinsic worth of the work and of the strong good sense of the public. The credit of its composition is pretty generally, and we believe justly, ascribed to Hannah More ; we are not anxious, however, to lift the veil with which delicacy, or diffidence, or reserve, (or perhaps all these feminine graces jointly,) encircled the labour of genius. The tree is known by its fruits, and they are meet for immortality.

Familiar conversations, on subjects chiefly of taste, literature, modern manners, morality, and religion, constitute a considerable portion indeed of the two volumes ; and the author with great candour confesses, that the texture of the narrative is so slight, as barely to serve for a ground into which to weave the sentiments and observations which it was designed to exhibit. We will add, that the dialogues are constructed with care, more or less apparent, in proportion to the importance of the topics severally discussed.

Cælebs is represented to be an amiable young man, not

quite four and twenty, of an ancient and respectable family, and an estate of 4000 pounds per annum. His paternal residence is at *The Priory*, in Westmoreland. He has been well educated, and completed his studies in the university of Edinburgh. Soon afterwards, our hero's father fell into a lingering illness, and died in about a year, not long after this event, Cælebs was suddenly deprived of his mother.

His retirement was now become solitude. He had naturally a keen relish for domestic happiness, and this laudable inclination was encouraged and much increased by his father's advice. He resolved, therefore, for a few months to leave the seat of his ancestors, and to make a tour not only to London, but to Stanley Grove, in Hampshire, the residence of his father's friend; hoping, that, in a more extended survey, he might be more likely to select a deserving companion for life. His visit to the metropolis introduces many characters and some caricatures to our notice: his subsequent jaunt to Hampshire brings us acquainted with the heroine, Lucilla Stanley, whom (we have every reason to suppose) he married at Christmas in the year 1808, when she would be nineteen. Such is the outline of the picture, and it is filled up with a very judicious admixture of sober colouring and tempered light and shade. On the probable success of the publication, its ingenious and powerful writer observes:

“ If I have been altogether deceived in the ambitious hope that these pages may not be entirely useless; if I have failed in my endeavours to shew how religion may be brought to mix with the concerns of ordinary life, without impairing its activity, lessening its cheerfulness, or diminishing its usefulness; if I have erred in fancying that material defects exist in fashionable education; if I have been wrong in supposing that females of the higher class may combine more domestic knowledge with

more intellectual acquirement, that they may be at the same time more knowing and more useful, than has always been thought necessary or compatible ;—I shall rest satisfied with a low and negative merit. I must be contented with the humble hope that no part of these volumes will be found injurious to the important interests, which it was rather in my wish, than in my ability to advance: that where I failed in effecting good, little evil has been done: that if my book has answered no valuable purpose, it has, at least, not added to the number of those publications, which, by impairing the virtue, have diminished the happiness of mankind: that if I possessed not talents to promote the cause of Christian morals, I possessed an abhorrence of those principles which lead to their contamination.' PREFACE.

From this single passage it is evident, that neither *Mister M. G. Lewis* nor *Miss Owenson* wrote this novel: It does as much honour to the writer's modesty, as the work itself does to her understanding.

The following extract, by no means more excellent than the other parts, is a tolerably fair specimen of the language and train of thought that pervade the whole composition:

" If you observed the overflowing subscriptions raised, the innumerable societies formed, the committees appointed, the agents employed, the royal patrons engaged, the noble presidents provided, the palace-like structures erected; and all this to alleviate, to cure, and even to prevent, every calamity which the indigent can suffer, or the affluent conceive; to remove not only want but ignorance; to suppress not only misery but vice; would you not exclaim with Hamlet, *What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In action how like an angel! in compassion how like a God!*

" If you looked into the whole comet-like excentric orb of

the human character; if you compared all the struggling contrariety of principle and of passion; the clashing of opinion and of action, of resolution and of performance; the victories of evil over the propensities to good; if you contrasted the splendid virtue with the disorderly vice; the exalted generosity with the selfish narrowness; the provident bounty with the thoughtless prodigality; the extremes of all that is dignified with the excesses of all that is abject; would you not exclaim, in the very spirit of Pascal, *O! the grandeur and the littleness, the excellence and the corruption, the majesty and the meanness of man!*

“If you attended the debates in our great deliberative assemblies; if you heard the argument and the eloquence, the wisdom and the wit, the public spirit and the disinterestedness; Curtius’s devotedness to his country, and, Regulus’s disdain of self, expressed with all the logic which reason can suggest, and embellished with all the rhetoric which fancy can supply, would you not rapturously cry out, *This is,*

“Above all Greek, above all Roman fame?”

“But if you discerned the bitter personality, the incurable prejudice, the cutting retort, the suspicious implication, the recriminating sneer, the cherished animosity; if you beheld the interests of an empire standing still, the business of the civilized globe suspended, while two intellectual gladiators are thrusting each to give the other a fall, and to shew his own strength; would you not lament the littleness of the great, the infirmities of the good, and the weaknesses of the wise? Would you not, soaring a flight far above Hamlet or Pascal, apostrophize with the Royal Psalmist, *Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou regardest him?*” Vol. I. pp. 74, 75, 76.

These luminous animadversions are assigned to the person of Cœlebs, who is no common character throughout the novel.

The satire upon the Duchess of GORDON, in Vol. I. pages 111, 112, 113, &c. and that upon another no less celebrated dame of high quality, in Vol. I. pages 151, 152, 153, &c. are astonishingly marked and fine ; indeed, indignant reprehension is manifestly this spirited author's *forte*. We cannot refuse ourselves the gratification of copying out another passage. A libertine husband became gradually reclaimed from the error of his ways by the duteous assiduities of his wife.

“ Mrs. Carlton frequently sat up late, reading such books as might qualify her for the education of her child, but always retired before she had reason to expect Mr. Carlton, lest he might construe it into upbraiding. One night, as he was not expected to come home at all, she sat later than usual, *and had indulged herself with taking her child to pass the night in her bed.** With her usual earnestness she knelt down and offered up her devotions by her bedside, and, in a manner particularly solemn and affecting, prayed for her husband. Her heart was deeply touched, and she dwelt on these petitions in a strain peculiarly fervent. She prayed for his welfare in both worlds, and earnestly implored that she might be made the humble instrument of his happiness. She meekly acknowledged her own many offences ; *of his she said nothing.*—Thinking herself secure from interruption, her petitions were uttered aloud ; her voice often faltering, and her eyes streaming with tears. Little did she suspect that the object of her prayers was within hearing of them. He had returned home unexpectedly, and, coming softly into the room, heard her pious aspirations. He was inexpressibly affected. He wept, and sighed bitterly. *The light from the candles on the table fell on the blooming face of his sleeping infant, and on that of his weeping wife. It was too much for him.*” Vol. I. pp. 257, 258.

* What a beautiful, what an exquisite trait of sensibility ! how pathetic, and yet how extremely conformable to the commonest dictates of nature in a virtuous matron's breast ! Alone, it denotes the sex of our worthy author,

There is much of the true sublime in this artless and affecting incident. Can Kotzebue pretend to rival it? Oh! no, no, no: He would, no doubt, have startled the party with a goblin, and have made the baby squeal most gloriously for pap!!!

The censure, in Vol. II. page 5, on the heroes of Fielding and Smollet is severe, and sorry must their most enthusiastic admirers be to own that it is just and true. The *tête-à-tête* between Cælebs and Lucilla, in Vol. II. chap. 42, when the former makes a full declaration of love to the latter, is told with the classic playfulness and humour so conspicuous in the writings of Mr. Cumberland. It amused us exceedingly; and the rather, perhaps, because it caught us in a grave and serious mood, and excited our mirth completely by surprise. We wish we had room for the chapter, but the nature of our work precludes us from attempting its insertion.

Some inaccuracies of the press we overlooked as unworthy of notice; there is, however, a strange error of the pen,—or, in plainer terms, a vile grammatical blunder, which, as the work has reached a *third* edition, demands immediate correction from us: It occurs in Vol. II. page 348, thus,

“Dr. Barlow came to the Grove to take leave of our friends. He found Sir John and I (*me*) sitting in the library with Mr. Stanley.”

We have here detected “the creaking slipper” of the goddess of beauty, with part of the accurate attention, though with none of the morose temper of a quondam-fabled *Satirist*; and we conclude our little review of “*Cælebs in search of a Wife*,” by recommending its perusal to every virtuous family in the British empire. Of pursuits, such as are enforced in this publication, we hesitate not to say, in the glowing language of the ora-

tor, " Si non hic tantus fructus ostenderetur, si ex his studiis delectatio sola peteretur; tamen, ut opinor, hanc animi remissionem *humanissimam*, ac *liberalissimam* judicaretis, &c.

CICERO, *pro Archia.*

Select Papers of the Belfast Literary Society. Fasciculus first and second. Belfast. 1808.

From the mode in which the *ancient* Satirists conducted their lucubrations, it has become a modern custom to lay aside the principles and practice of the optimists *in toto*, and to adopt those of the cynic philosophers, a mode which undoubtedly will always gratify private malevolence, without the same certainty of producing a public reform. The Spartans, 'tis true, by making their slaves intoxicated, exemplified to their children the disgraceful effects of intemperance, yet they did not rest here but were also anxious to lead them into the paths of virtue, by exhibiting the most brilliant examples of public and of private worth.

If thus *we* lash the incorrigible rogue, or point out the absurdities of the empty fool, and thereby place them conspicuously as beacons to mark the dangers in the course of the young and of the unwary, 'tis alike *our* duty, and certainly the most pleasing part of it, to notice such examples of public or of private improvement, as will tend to general or to individual amelioration.

From these considerations we seize with avidity the opportunity of marking a new era in the literature of our sister island, an era whose early dawn promises a bright meridian. By an advertisement prefixed to the first Fasciculus of the Belfast Literary Society, it appears that it was formed in 1801, and that the objects of its original members were to establish a mutual communication on

literary subjects, and to promote the investigation of the antiquities, political economy, and history, natural and civil, of the county of Antrim. They appear however to have gone beyond their original plan, for which they apologize by disclaiming any ambitious rivalship of other societies, but expressing a modest hope of contributing in some degree to general science. How far this may be expedient for an infant society, is rather doubtful, particularly when we consider how little has yet been done on their original plan, not only by themselves but in Ireland in general.

In the proceedings of such a society, the investigation of *local antiquities* ought to be a leading feature, 'tis true indeed, that the cold system of *modern* philosophy has attempted to damp that regard for antiquity, which even when carried to a foible is yet productive of many virtues; but it is to be hoped that these *speculative* doctrines will have no effect on a society formed in a country, whose inhabitants have always been remarkable for their *glow* of patriotism. The contemplation of the deeds of our ancestors, and of those places hallowed by their memory, has always been a source of virtue, and has from the earliest times attracted the attention not only of the pastoral nations, but also of the most polished states, and this has always led to other pursuits more immediately connected with literature. If an *early* example of this principle is required, we need only refer to the *Enterpe* of Herodotus, where the researches of Psammiticus into the *original language* prove that even at that period, such disquisitions were not considered as unimportant.

That Ireland was formerly the *nucleus*, or at least the *retreat* of literature in the western parts of Europe, there is now no doubt; but since the revival of letters that attention has not been paid to the subject which it deserves; and

although in the partial researches into Irish antiquities, some useful facts relative to the manners, local customs, and arts of the ancient inhabitants have been investigated, many yet remain resting on doubtful evidence, and the traditions of the ancient bards being often substituted for authentic history, it has become in many instances difficult to dispel the literary obscurity, and to separate incontestable truths from the reveries of antient or of modern rhymers. It is then from the investigation of local antiquities that we must verify the authenticity of ancient records, from which alone we can judge of the real state of ancient Irish literature; and though it is acknowledged by Vallancey that no Irish manuscripts now extant can with any well grounded authority be esteemed of higher antiquity than the beginning of the ninth century, or the end of the eighth, yet we may still carry authentic research much higher, as many poetical fragments both of history and of genealogy have been copied by the early manuscript writers.

Whilst we lament the little attention that has been paid to Irish literature, it is not irrelevant to notice from whence this neglect arose; in the first place, the laws as they stood before the union, afforded no security for the possession or transfer of literary property; this will always operate as a damp upon literary genius and literary industry, and to it we may add that men of letters received no patronage whatever from the great, a statement corroborated by the fact, that the greatest Irish geniuses always wrote in England. That Ireland has long possessed a university where considerable attention has always been paid to literature, is very true, but the fellows of that university have very small salaries, and are thus confined for many years to a state of comparative poverty, from which they can only escape by dedicating all their time to constant tuition, so that when they become senior fellows, they

are glad of a little relaxation, and are in general too far advanced in life, for enthusiastic and persevering researches into science.

That the institution of these provincial societies will tend to remedy the evils complained of, may naturally be expected; we shall now proceed, if not to cull the fruit from the literary tree, at least to examine its blossoms.

Fasciculus I. contains a memoir on *Fiorin* grass, by W. Richardson, D.D. late fellow of T.C.D. Great part of this paper is a recapitulation of a communication to Mr. Davy, of the Royal Institution, respecting this very useful grass, which has as yet been little noticed in Ireland, but which on a careful examination appears to resemble the *Doob* grass of India, which is in such repute in that country for the use of the cavalry and cattle. This grass is a native of Ireland, and with very little culture is capable of being raised on the worst soils whether dry or wet. From a number of simple yet accurate experiments it improves in quantity, and in quality, if allowed to stand on the ground during the wettest or coldest winters, and has been mowed and housed in the depth of the season, without any loss or deterioration, as it preserves its vegetating qualities for a long time after it is cut. It is propagated by layers, or by shoots from the joints, and Dr. Richardson offers to transmit as many cuttings under a *frank*, as will be sufficient to clothe any moderate spot of ground, after two seasons, with a complete *suit* of nature's verdant livery. As such information may be useful to our English agriculturists, we are happy to further the learned Doctor's generous intentions, by inserting his address, viz. *Conflecle, near Armagh*.

The next communication is a relation of an aërostatic voyage lately performed by M. Lussac, and transmitted by the American secretary of legation at Paris, who it

appears is a member of the Belfast Society. As this communication is *not* an Irish one, we should have passed it over were it not that it contains one or two facts, interesting to philosophy in general. The intention of M. Lussac, was to try experiments on the diminution of the magnetic force at different elevations, and on the dip, and oscillations of the magnetic needle ; added to this he supplied himself with an apparatus for collecting atmospheric air at his greatest altitude. Great correctness in numerous experiments cannot be expected from a single observer in such a situation, yet there are some which bear the appearance of accuracy, and as the experiments on the *air* were tried *after* his descent, we shall close this article with Mr. Lussac's own words.

"*These are the two principal results that I have made from my last voyage ; I have established the fact which M. Biot and I observed on the sensible permanence of the magnetic force, at a distance from the surface of the earth ; and moreover, I think I have proved that the proportion of oxygen and azot which constitute the atmosphere, do not vary in very extensive limits.*"

The second fasciculus contains a memoir on the great national staple of Ireland, by S. M. Stephenson, M. D. in which much historical and chemical information is displayed ; we cannot help, however, remarking that in this memoir, the *love for antiquity*, has carried the worthy Doctor beyond even Vallancey, or O'Halloran, for he derives the word *shuttle* from *scut*, a boat, and these of course from the Phenician, a species of derivative analogy much resembling the old story of *Fo-hum* and *No-ah*, which were proved to be the same persons, *merely* by the transposition of the letters. The general style, however, of this memoir is honourable to the writer and to the infant society to which it is addressed ; it is clear and

perspicuous, and as elegant as the nature of the subject will admit of ; it also contains many interesting facts both respecting the preparation of the flax for manufacturing in the most economical manner, and the culture of flax for the purpose of saving the seed ; two considerations of great importance to the united empire at the present moment. Mr. S. calls the attention of his countrymen to the encouragement of a woollen as well as a linen manufacture, and shews by a calculation that the lands of Ulster alone, if laid down in sheepwalks (from Arthur Young) would produce in bay yarn only, two millions of pounds sterling, a sum double of what the linen manufacture produces. Calculations however, which are correct on paper, are not always so in practice, and as there is no deficiency of markets for the linen staple, there can be but little occasion to depopulate a country by turning it into sheepwalks, for the sake of doubling the exports even if that were possible. Of Irish female industry, the Doctor gives us the following specimen :

“ Spinning flax has been brought to such perfection in Ulster, that many girls spin so fine, that twenty hanks and sometimes thirty, weigh only one pound. A young woman in Comber, in the county of Down, a descendant of the ancient family of *M'Quillin*, in the county of Antrim, spins so fine, that sixty-four hanks weigh only one pound : she spins this fine yarn only in summer. She fixes a black cloth behind the thread, and often divides the fibres of the flax with a needle.”

We sincerely hope that this *industrious descendant of M'Quillin*, may soon be assisted by some of her countrymen, in spinning out the line of her ancient family !

Great are the benefits which we foresee, from this infant society ; the whole herd of political writers, and of visionary parliamentary declaimers have long been by-

sied in pointing out to the natives of that country, every source of dissatisfaction which they could find out, or could magnify. Societies of this kind, we hope, will point out to them a few of their blessings : blessings in which they are not surpassed by any country, were they sufficiently industrious to avail themselves of them : we shall therefore close with the words of the poet,

“ *Spes meliora videt.* ”

Strictures on the present Government, Civil, Military, and Political, of the British Possessions in India, in a Letter from an Officer on the Spot to his Friend in England. London. Hatchard. 8vo. pp. 124.

Though much parliamentary discussion has taken place of late years respecting our Indian possessions, yet many of the loudest orators seem rather to have been stimulated by political or party feeling, than influenced by an accurate knowledge of the subject ; and it is a matter not only of regret, but astonishment, that we should in general be so ignorant of the real state of that important and extensive country, as not only our direct commerce with it, but also its commercial intercourse with the rest of the Asiatic states, have given us a more extended influence on the happiness of a great portion of the human race, than even Rome herself possessed in the plenitude of her power. Great and beneficial changes have certainly taken place since the commencement of the present reign, as we have been enabled to restore order and security by suppressing that anarchy which arose from the destruction of the Mogul empire, and by checking the ambitious and revolutionary spirit of the minor Indian princes, which had been for many years productive of war and massacre. In consequence of this beneficial change, the civil and

domestic arts have been encouraged, means of industry have been extended, whilst the introduction of English literature and English jurisprudence bid fair to produce a gradual system of amelioration that will justify that prophetic observation of a well-informed writer, that the time has arrived when Asia which gave the first lessons of civilization to mankind, is destined to receive them back with interest into her bosom, and when India in particular, the peculiar region of despotism, may be blessed with the advantages of a mild and beneficent government. Yet in our exertions to improve the lot of the natives, we must deprecate all hasty attempts at radical changes, either in their religion or their manners, for the Brahminical rites and institutions are so closely interwoven with both, that all *rapid* change is completely precluded by the veneration which they pay to them, not only as ancient customs, but even as the express injunctions of Heaven, to violate which, would not only stigmatise them in this world, but also render them unworthy of happiness in the next.

Much information has been afforded by Mr. Tennant in his *Indian Recreations*, both respecting the natives and Europeans, but the author of the pamphlet before us, has filled up the shading of several of the sketches, of which Mr. T. had only given us the outline. This anonymous writer, who really seems to be what he styles himself, "an officer resident on the spot," has evidently taken up his pen on occasion of the recent unfortunate event at Vellore, on which subject he is very severe against a late Madras Commander in Chief, and sometimes to an extent that might be supposed to arise from personal pique; from this subject, however, he takes occasion to notice the situation of the king's and company's troops in general, where he makes an observation which we

believe, though it may long have been felt, has never yet been *in print* before. What we allude to is, that the company's *military* officers, however deserving, have never been honoured by any specific mark of royal favour by knight-hood, an oversight not proceeding from etiquette, as two captains of the company's *commercial* marine, have already been gratified with that honour.

We certainly cannot agree with this well-informed writer, in all his opinions; but he seems a man of independent mind, and we are therefore more gratified by his observations respecting the Wellesley administration, which are in direct opposition to the clamorous invectives so profusely scattered by political orators as well as by many of our daily prints. In page 23, he points out the good effects likely to result from the establishment of the Bengal College; and in page 51, completely justifies the *politic* liberality of the Marquis towards the offspring of Tippoo Sahib. The personal kindness shewn to these unfortunate Mysore princes during their residence at Vellore, and the constant policy of the Governor-General towards them, he shews were absolutely essential to hold up the conduct of the British government in the most liberal and favourable point of view to the native powers of India. With respect to the recall of the Marquis, he thinks much blame will attach to those who urged it, and laments the plausible and *ignorant* feelings of those

“who could suppose that the interior regulation and consolidation of an immense empire, did not require as much energy and ability as the rapid conquest of it.”

He then exclaims,

“Has the solidity of Buonaparte's power been founded by overrunning the continent of Europe; or by the interior civil

and political arrangements he subsequently formed throughout it? No; you obliged Buonaparte most essentially when you hastily recalled Marquis Wellesley."

so says Mr Page

From the great mass of original and various information contained in this little work (and we speak from local knowledge) we regret that our prescribed limits place bounds to our quotations; we cannot, however, pass over his observations respecting our *evangelical* plans of conversion in India. He observes that,

"There is perhaps no nation in the world (not even China) that has arrived at so high a state of *civilization*, and is at the same time so little *enlightened* as that of the Hindoos of Asia."

And in page 85, we find the following :

"Could there be any hope, that a progressive system of christianity could be universally introduced into India, in the course of so many ages, even, as it has taken to establish, root, and consolidate that of Brahma in the hearts and *very nature* of the Indians. There is no good christian, and surely no Englishman, that would not exult in the prospect of such a blessing being conferred upon the posterity of millions of fellow-creatures by his means and endeavours. But to take the hasty steps which are now recommended, of sending out pastors and teachers to instruct them in christianity, *is commencing our work at the wrong end.*"

He then adverts to a well-known fact, that hitherto the very lowest casts only have been converted, and adds,

"what can therefore be expected from converts of the very meanest and vilest wretches, who have become *degraded and outcast Hindoos*, before they would *condescend*, as a last resource to become christians? If it were possible to change their skins from black to white, then might you have some chance of

its being possible to make *good* christians out of the dregs and outcasts of the Hindoo sect, whom nothing but *necessity* will, even now, force to become converts, from the disgrace which the *name of Christian* carries along with it."

We would certainly recommend these observations to the serious consideration of those perhaps well meaning yet enthusiastic people who are in such a hurry to convert the whole world, and who seem *not* to have learned wisdom, from the failure of their attempts in the Society Islands, as well as in our West India settlements. In his reference to the exertions of *catholic* missionaries, we recommend the following passage to the noisy advocates for *catholic emancipation*.

"A stronger proof cannot well be adduced, that such artifices must have been practised upon the *catholic christians*, than that nearly three fourths of the men composing the 2d battalion of the 23d (*native*) regiment which assisted in perpetrating the horrid massacre at Vellore, were of that description; having been just raised from amongst the Polygars of the lately disarmed countries; and in whose clothes (when killed with arms in their hands) were found their catholic certificates, written in the French character, but in the Malabar and Gentoo language."

We must now reluctantly close this article, and shall do it with an elegant description of Asiatic manners and feelings.

"Whoever has for a moment tasted, or even approached near to, the luscious enjoyments of eastern despotism; and has breathed the maddening influenza of adulation in the Durbar; or inhaled the sweeter, but no less fascinating delirium of the unlimited Zunana; may be compared to the Royal Tyger, which has once tasted human blood; neither will, *alive*, relinquish his post, but will desperately advance into the deepest labyrinths of danger, to possess and secure what they have once tasted; for life without such enjoyments is of no value. The despot can bear

no controul ; and to thwart, is only to irritate him. To expect therefore that the dictates of gratitude towards his patron, or those of reason and prudence towards his own interests, should be a sufficient chain to the intemperance of wild ambition and lust in the Mahomedan fatalist, is to look for what has never once been found in the page of ancient or modern eastern history.'

The Forest of Comalva, a Novel, containing Sketches of Portugal, Spain, and Part of France, in three volumes. By Mary Hill, London. Printed for Richard Phillips, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, 1809. pages 231, 210, 261, duodecimo.

Alas ! how many *personally amiable*, self-taught, and self-dependent scribblers stand forth candidates for the unmerited praise of fancy and of genius, while they disdainfully overlook the meed of judgment, study, and patient industry which lies within their reach ! Instead of extolling the rapid effusions of their pens, in every instance, it would often be most kind in real friends to blame them for manifest crudeness : it would be most generous to express unequivocal regret, either that they had not written with some worthy object constantly in view, or that they had not forborne writing at all. For an agreeable and, perhaps, sensible female merely to exercise her limited talents as instruments for the acquisition of fame to herself and the promotion of idle pleasure to others, is subversive of her claim to delicacy as a woman, and we must add, contrary to, what we have ever been taught to consider with reverence—*the spirit of a Christian*.

The three volumes before us were warmly recommended to our notice by a literary friend, whose esteem we feel by no means unwilling to retain. Genuine criticism, however, is of too blunt and independent a disposition to permit its opinions to be guided by its partialities. The

present Novel under the quaint title of, 'THE FOREST OF COMALVA,' (for which denomination we can perceive no reason,) is certainly a very harmless production, not wholly devoid of interest. We are assured it is, in every respect, a *maiden* effort; and we believe the writer need not blush for its general tendency, or for any particular sentiment it inculcates. The main story, although rather confused in its progress, is highly pleasing at its close. The episodical *Sketches of Portugal, Spain, and France*, although somewhat abruptly introduced, are light and amusing, and at length connect themselves with the leading plot.

These *sketches* occupy 58 pages in Vol. I. and 31 pages in Vol. II. not quite one eighth of the work. We greatly disapprove novel-writing in the form of letters; for one author who excels in the art, there are hundreds who fail most lamentably; not to add, that the quantity of blank paper thus left in each volume partakes more of the nature and appearance of a fraud, than of the dignity of legitimate publication.

As a first attempt, *the Forest of Comalva*, shall meet with tender treatment from THE SATIRIST, but we must be allowed to suggest to its fair writer the evident propriety, nay, the absolute necessity, of more attention to the rules of grammar in all her future labours, if she really hopes to attract public admiration by them. We have remarked innumerable little inaccuracies, but content ourselves with pointing out only the following:

"About nine years ago, on my revered mother's death, *with whom* I believe you have been acquainted, *was* the only daughter of one of our most wealthy bankers, *and that* my father received with her, on his marriage, the immense sum of eighty thousand pounds.' Vol. I. p. 97. Shortly after, the young lady entered to say, that her mamma was very much obliged by our polite at-

attention, *not* that she declined receiving any company, &c.' Ibid. page 100, 'As to information from any letters directed to Mrs. Delville is impossible.' Ibid. p. 101. 'Mrs. Delville and *myself* return you thanks.' Ibid. p. 120. 'I am now *sat* down,' Ibid. p. 152. 'As to those fine gentlemen, they seldom *make happy*, let them marry whom they will.' Ibid. p. 159. The merry throng collected upon the sands *in chaise, horse, and whiskey*.' Ibid. p. 172. 'Her ladyship must have so many claims to her attention, superior *than* that of an obscure orphan.' Ibid. p. 175. 'Why, I know that he was distractedly in love, himself with *a Lady, who*, because *she* obeyed her father by marrying another, this very gentleman informed me *such intelligence* must be the death of *him*.' Ibid. p. 201. '*Herself* and her husband did every thing they thought would be of the *least* comfort to my poor father.' Vol. II. page 2. 'I began my letter in good spirits, and, that after writing a few lines, *am* out of humour.' Ibid. p. 66. 'Adeline and *myself* wrote several letters.' Ibid. p. 117. 'The misfortunes to which I had brought her *from* my intemperate conduct.' Ibid. p. 118. '*Herself* and Mrs. Delaval, with their two little girls, had again taken up their abode.' Ibid. p. 149. 'As to Lord Harpton, *who* we expect daily, what his sensations will be,' &c. Vol. III. p. 180. 'When *I* wrote last to my friend I scarcely recollect the burden of *it*, yet I am fearful *it* imputed,' &c. Ibid. p. 183.—HÆC SAT ERIT CUMULASSE.

The following passage in Lady Louisa Grey's letter from Brighton to her confidante, Mrs. Montgomery, presents a singular process of courtship:

"I sat quite silent, inwardly vexed that *the amour* did not begin in the style I had determined upon. The honourable gentleman, with much hesitation, "*hoped I felt no ill effects from my dancing,*" (having met him the evening before at a ball at Lady Sherbourne's,) *Only very tired,*" said I. "*Indeed,*" said, he, "*how different it was with me then, for I have had no rest since.*"

"Nor I neither." "If I may be allowed to hazard a conjecture, I should suppose, Lady Louisa, as that is the case, your thoughts were"—"WITH YOU, COLONEL." "With me! you transport me: is it possible I should have the honour to be the subject of your meditations?" "True, upon my word," replied I. And after that we soon settled every thing to our satisfaction." Vol. I. p. 143.

The anecdote of Mrs. Wellesley's being entered as a fellow commoner at the university, (Vol. I. p. 179) is irresistibly ludicrous. *Liceat mihi te inire, &c. &c.*

There is a great deal of *naïveté* in Madame Melange's confession, which is thus worded:

"He began, in a degree of gaiety, to enquire why I had ventured so long a walk without a husband. 'In the expectation of meeting you,' I replied. 'Monsieur Melange has been under the necessity of going on some urgent business to Montpellier, and will not return to-night. I do then expect as I am left quite alone, that you will favour me with your company.' Mr. Moreton smiled, and said, 'Certainly, with much pleasure,' &c. &c.—Vol. II. pp. 4, 5.

When the hero and the heroine of the piece are about to be united in wedlock, the lady's guardian postpones the desired event till the mourning for the death of the lover's quondam rival shall have passed away. Lady Clarron thus describes the deportment of the happy couple:

"Gertrude perfectly acquiesces in his lordship's opinion, and, with the most becoming modesty, seems to think it impossible to enjoy more felicity than she does now in the society of the object she loves, with the consent of her relations. But not so Mr. Hamilton." Vol. III. p. 175.

The imagination is a mischievously busy power!

In Vol. I. page 129, we observed an attempt at poetry, entitled

THE MOURNER.

Farewell to the peace of my heart !
Farewell to my cot of delight !
For ever, for ever, we part !
My fate wears the shade of the night !

On yon Moon as in sorrow I gaze,
Her orb a pale sympathy wears ;
Methinks I discern in her rays
A pity that shines through my tears.

Sweet Philomel, charming the sphere,
Though in solitude, free is thy lay ;
Oh rivulet, whose murmurs I hear,
Thou art free through the vallies to stray.

With what joy on thy banks I could rest,
Where safety would soften my woes,
Calm the tumults that rage in my breast,
And innocence sooth my repose.

Let me wish not my days to prolong,
Life's blessings I never must share ;
Since pleasure, her smile, and her song,
All fly from the house of despair.

In Vol. II. pp. 166, 167, is another equally *exquisite* bit of verse on the Chevalier D.'s fencing with an officer of the Life Guards, but we suppose our readers to be already satisfied with regard to Mary Hill's poetical abilities !!! We were much pleased with this passage in Vol. I. pp. 135, 136:

"I saw the sun over the distant hills, bringing forth a new day of happiness to some, and real grief perhaps to thousands. I beheld the glorious luminary with awe and reverence, and in a short but expressive prayer recommended myself to the protection of my God! Supplicating him to guide a poor orphan, who was left with hardly a *subsistence to support* nature, however frugal her utmost wishes were. My petition I think was heard, for something whispered, "*conscious innocence will protect and bring you into the paths of prosperity.*" I arose, greatly impressed by that idea, and determined hereafter never to despair."

In Vol. II. p. 93, occur these just reflections:

"If, by only attending to a form of worship, it is supposed we become prepared to depart this life, with hope and confidence of future bliss, while our minds remain uninfluenced by the sufferings of our fellow-creatures, who are pining in want, whilst we are revelling in luxury! such a supposition is vain. To understand the right, and yet pursue the wrong, is in the highest degree reprehensible; and when this happens among persons of superior talents, who have had the advantages of superior education, it then is not only reprehensible, but inexcusable."

The character of our work precludes us from indulging ourselves with the admission of more extracts: but, in justice to our fair author, we think proper to mention Vol. II. pp. 124, 125, with approbation, and Vol. III, p. 159, with applause; the latter is inexpressibly grand.

And now, having dispassionately and conscientiously reviewed Mary Hill's novel, and distinctly stated its merits and its defects, we might perhaps here dismiss it from our thoughts without farther comment, were we not desirous to render this article of our labours a *warning* and a *caution* to other ingenious ladies, and truly happy are we to have so painful a task anticipated by an admirable FEMALE WRITER, the qualities of whose head and heart are

above all human praise. In her *Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education*, HANNAH MORE emphatically says:

“A romantic girl with a pretension to sentiment, which her still more ignorant friends mistake for genius, (for in the empire of the blind the one-eyed are kings,) and possessing something of a natural ear, has perhaps in her childhood exhausted all the images of grief, and love, and fancy, picked up in her desultory poetical reading, in an elegy on a sick *linnet* or a dead *lap-dog*; she begins thenceforward to be considered as a prodigy in her little circle; surrounded with flatterers, she has no opportunity of getting to know that her fame is derived not from her powers, but her position; and that when an impartial critic shall have made all the necessary deductions, such as—that she is a neighbour, that she is a relation, that she is a female, that she is young, that she has had no advantages, that she is pretty, perhaps—when her verses come to be stripped of all their extraneous appendages, and the fair author is driven off her ‘vantage-grounds of partiality, sex, and favour, she will commonly sink to the level of ordinary capacities; while those quieter women, who have meekly sat down to the humble shades of prose and prudence, by a patient perseverance in rational studies, rise afterwards much higher in the ~~scale of~~ intellect, and acquire a stock of sound knowledge for far better purposes than mere display. And though it may seem a contradiction, yet it will generally be found true, that girls who take to scribbling are the least studious, the least reflecting, and the least rational. They early acquire a false confidence in their own unassisted powers; it becomes more gratifying to their natural vanity to be always pouring out their minds on paper, than to be drawing into them fresh ideas from richer sources. The original stock, small perhaps at first, is soon spent, and the subsequent efforts grow more and more feeble, if the mind—which is continually exhausting itself—be not also continually replenished; till the latter compositions become little more than reproductions of the same ideas, and

fainter copies of the same images, a little varied and modified, perhaps, and not a little diluted and enfeebled."

We do not regret the care and attention paid by us to Mary Hill's *maiden* effort: on the contrary, we wish to persuade ourselves that the whole of our candid and disinterested animadversions will command her serious meditation before she again ventures to publish her lucubrations. To say that "THE FOREST OF COMALVA" is an excellent performance, would be most basely to belie our own sentiments; but we do not hesitate cheerfully to avow our belief, that the writer has, even therein, exhibited inventive powers, that promise, if sedulously cultivated and improved, to raise her name hereafter to no mean rank among the female novelists of England.

THEATRES.

"*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*"—HORACE.

THE lamentable conflagration of Drury Lane Theatre has considerably diminished the critic's labor—whose attention is now confined to the sinister and dexter side of the Haymarket, where English and Italian novelties have recently contended with each other for the palm of stupidity.—Mr. Allingham's *Independence* has however decided the contest in favour of the former, for surely in no language or country has any thing more pre-eminently dull been produced.—We have frequently laughed at this Gentleman's *farces*, some of which are by no means destitute of merit, but really for this attempt to degrade Comedy he must not escape "unwhipped of Justice."—Where were Mr. Kemble's good taste and good sense when he consented to have such a drama as

'*Independence*,' represented in a theatre of which he is the acting manager? Pity it is that Mr. Allingham had not offered his manuscript to the board of management of Drury Lane, for it might then have perished before its ~~sins~~ were known, and not have lived long enough to dishonour its unhappy parent: in compassion for whose feelings we shall refrain from detailing its preposterous absurdities.—Had the thing still existed, we should have felt in duty bound to use our utmost endeavours to effect its destruction, but,

"The generous war not with the dead."

OPERA HOUSE.—It has always been a maxim with *the Satirist* not only to attack but to defend.—A *pseudo* critic in the Examiner, who is, we understand, the brother of the frantic editor, in his remarks upon the performers of this Theatre, observes that Signor Siboni, "having neither improved in singing nor acting, the company would have been as well without him."

That Signor Siboni is not *improved* in his singing we willingly allow—because we believe no man ever had so little room for improvement, and if this silly writer, who, we will venture to assert, does not know a crotchet from a quaver, will take the trouble to ask *any* musical professor his opinion of that excellent performer's talents, he will be informed that Siboni is one of the most perfect singers that ever came from Italy, and also one of the best musicians. We recollect this self-same critic, once, with equal truth, declared that Braham had no taste—It really makes us sick to see such ignorant wretches pretend to critical knowledge. As an actor, also, Siboni is very superior to any performer on the Italian stage, and he must be considered by all who are capable of judging, as an immense acquisition to the Operatic company. He has, hitherto, only appeared in a very stupid opera, called *La Caccia Di Enrico IV.* written by *Buonaiuti*, and the music composed by Pucitta, in which all the performers appear to great disadvantage.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.*

Non nostrum TANTAS componere lites!—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree?—POPE.

1. *Marmion, a Tale of Flodden Field*; by Walter Scott, Esq.†

§ “Those who have been accustomed to hail Mr. Scott as a poet of *first rate ability*, from a perusal of his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, will find by his *Marmion* how *much* they have been *deceived*.”—Beau Monde.

“Some persons, self-elevated to the critic’s chair, have presumed to talk of this poem as *much inferior* to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; but thinking that they are judged by a false criterion when compared; we *have no respect for such opinions*.”—Monthly Mirror.

“—For these and for other reasons we are inclined to suspect that the success of the work now before us will be less brilliant than that of the author’s *former publication*; though we are ourselves of opinion that its intrinsic merits are *nearly, if not altogether, equal*. We think this last romance of Mr. Scott’s *about as good* as the former.”—Edinburgh Review.

§ “The poem is comprised in six cantos, and to each of them is prefixed a metrical introduction to six different friends of the author; they are principally political; and contain *fulsome eulogies* upon Pitt &c. and the several persons to whom they are addressed.”—Universal Magazine.

* Note. Errors in our last Number, Page 310, line 20, *reduction* for *redaction*; p. 312, l. 20, omit *here*; p. 265, l. 26, 29, and p. 267, l. 5, *present* for *last*.

† Note; We have found it necessary to distribute the judgments concerning this poem into *separate classes*, distinguished by the recurrence of the sectional mark §.

"We should not do justice to our own feelings, nor to the patriotism of the poet, if we inserted not the *noble encomium on Pitt*, which adorns the first introduction. In his various addresses to his friends, Mr. Scott expresses with *ability*,"—British Critic.

"If the introductions are occasionally irrelevant to the story, they are never so to *poetry*, in the *rarest beauties* of which they *constantly abound*."—Monthly Mirror.

"There is a *good deal of SPIRIT*, and a good deal of *nature*, intermingled" in the introductions.—Edinburgh Review.

"To shew what a *poverty of idea* prevails through these introductory chapters, we will quote some few lines from these *SPIRITLESS* effusions."—Critical Review.

§ "The introduction to canto second contains a piece of *ineffable nonsense*."—Universal Magazine.

"In the second epistle, the prospect, &c. is *admirably delineated*; the ramble, &c. are *finer than any thing* of the kind that we have hitherto met with in Mr. Scott himself.*—Eclectic Review.

§ "The *person* and appearance of Lord Marmion are *spiritually* portrayed."—Eclectic Review.

"The description of the hero's *person* is *very picturesque*: his accoutrements and *retinue* are painted with *equal spirit*, and *equal attention to character*."—Monthly Review.

"—After this follows a *tedious* poetical description of the *retinue* of lord Marmion. After a little bustle in the castle, lord Marmion enters, and Mr. Scott proceeds to describe his hero; but in sober truth, Butler himself could scarcely have depicted his knight more *ludicrously*. If any person can read the following picture of a martial knight without thinking of a *brewer's drayman*, it will be wonderful."—Universal Magazine.

§ "The favourite song of Constance, that Fitz-Eustace sings to Marmion at the inn, is *strikingly conceived*."—Beau Monde.

"—The song of Constance has a much more *natural and enduring charm*: it is as *sweetly wild* as if it had been sung by the unfortunate victim of seduction."—Eclectic Review.

* So says the *Eclectic Review itself*!—SATIRIST.

"Fitz-Eustace is made to entertain the company with a song, which is but a *stiff*, and *rather childish* imitation of the truly pathetic simplicity of Burns."—Monthly Review.

"—Fitz-Eustace sings a *remarkably silly song*."—Universal Magazine.

§ "We should have preferred it, had the author lengthened his tale; or rather had he unfolded it more amply through TEN OR TWELVE CANTOS instead of six. This he *might easily and advantageously have done*; for his *fable* is so *rich in materials*," &c. &c.—Eclectic Review.

"—Now upon this narrative we are led to observe in the first place, that it forms a *very scanty and narrow foundation* for a poem of such length as is now before us. There is *scarcely matter enough* in the main story for a BALLAD of ordinary dimensions."—Edinburgh Review.

§ "—In this art of delineating *character* with accuracy and distinctness, Mr. Scott gives *several examples* of his *ability*."—London Review.

"Mr. Scott *excels most particularly* in occasional touches of *character*."—British Critic.

"Of the *characters* there is *little to be said*. What there is of character does *not* appear to be of a very new or *striking* description."—Beau Monde.

§ "The *notes* which occupy *nearly a fourth** of the volume are not merely explanatory, but *replete with curious information*, *highly illustrative* of the manners of the sixteenth century. They *shew also* that *many incidents* which in the poem might be esteemed but fanciful creations, had *examples in real history*."—Monthly Magazine (Supplement).

"Of the *notes* we can only add that they will be found as numerous in proportion, and as *entertaining* in matter, as those in Mr. Scott's former publications."—Eclectic Review.

"A number of *notes*, equal to *one third*,* of the volume is ad-

* It frequently happens, according to our English motto, that *doctors differ*; but arithmeticians seldom do; *nearly a fourth* it seems = *one third*. Perhaps one of these calculators reckoned

ded to the poem ; and they display a *vast store* of recondite reading, and *NECESSARY and entertaining illustration.*"—Monthly Mirror.

"Of the *notes* it will be sufficient to say that they *make up* 126 *quarto pages*, which was probably *all that was intended by the author.*"—Critical Review.

"The *notes* are *objectionably voluminous.*—The rest of the notes are almost *uniformly heavy* and *NEEDLESS* in the same degree."—London Review.

§ "*Contempt of grammar* obtrudes itself upon us in *almost every line* ; and renders the verse not only *incorrect*, but *perpetually unintelligible.*"—Beau Monde.

"The instances of *bad English* and *bad grammar* are of *almost unceasing occurrence.*"—London Review.

"In a *very few instances* Mr. Scott is *incorrect in grammar*, but in *general* his style is no less *accurate* than it is *lively.*"—British Critic.

§ "—Here our interest is most unexpectedly crushed all at once by a long, unnatural, and *dull, recital,*" &c.—"Sir David tells Marmion, in *exceedingly dull* and prosaic language, a story," &c.—Monthly Review.

"The author has the rare talent of *never being dull.*"—Eclectic Review.

§ "In our review of the Lay, we spoke of the advantages which the author's description derived from his *local knowledge* and *feelings.* The *same striking excellence* pervades *this poem.*"—Monthly Mirror.

"We must object both on critical and on national grounds to the *neglect of Scottish feelings* and *Scottish character*, that is manifested *throughout.*"—Edinburgh Review.

§ "We are amongst those who cheerfully obey the humane precept of the Roman ; and cannot be offended with a *few spots*, when so *surrounded with effulgence.*"—Monthly Mirror,

by *measure*, and the other by *weight* ; see the next extract from the London Review.—Satirist.

"It is difficult to believe, what is nevertheless most indisputable, that a production of so great length, from the pen of a poet who may fairly be styled the first of the age, should not only be defaced by *so many faults*, but should possess *so few passages that rise above mediocrity*."—Critical Review (Appendix).

"We have now quoted or mentioned *every thing* in the poem, which can be said to *rise above mediocrity*: and while we are eager to do justice to the *beauties* we have found, we cannot help feeling that they bear but a *very, very small portion* to the *vast mass of heavy, unprofitable, ungrammatical, and uninteresting matter*, which composes the *greatest part* of this quarto volume."—Beau Monde.

§ "Instances of *incorrect language and slovenly versification* are *frequent and gross* to a most *unpardonable extent*.—This fine passage is coupled with lines of *almost infantine imbecility*; some of which we deem it our duty to produce, since they will serve as one instance among a thousand of the *miscrable manner* in which we are *baulked* in *every page* of the volume before us. Mr. Scott is a true Mezentius: his most animated descriptions are *constantly* tied to *some lifeless lump of insensibility*. His want of grammar is yet less glaring than his *want of ear*. To insert every proof of this latter defect, would be to quote *nearly half the poem*."—Monthly Review.

"The *thoughts want dignity*, and the *verses harmony*. The reader searches in *vain* through the pages of an immense quarto, for *ANY scintillations of that genius* which animates the rest of this gentleman's compositions."—Critical Review, and Appendix.

"Mr. Scott is *without inspiration, sublimity, or energy*. He can *rarely continue above a few pages* without falling into *absolute silliness*, or betraying all the *inflated emptiness* of modern versifiers.—This is *all very common, and very uninteresting*.—[Quotation.] How like the burthen of a *halfpenny ballad* is such *unmeaning verbosity*.—[Quotation.] Had Mr. Scott ambitiously laboured to produce a *comic narrative, a sort of burlesque*, he could scarcely have succeeded better.—The poem closes with a few lines from the author to the reader, which are *very rapidly* written."—Universal Magazine.

"The spark of poetry creeps through the greater part of the narrative with a *chill* and *smouldering* progress.—The moral remarks with which the work is interspersed are really *sad common-place*.—Another fault that may be objected to the style is the *incomparable meanness* which the poet *often* adopts," &c. "A fault of a very similar nature is *doggerel versification*.—To the same spirit may probably be referred the *tedious and insipid* succession of *bad prose versified*, that *stupify*," &c. [Quotation.] "This is surely in the *worst taste imaginable*."—London Review.

"To quote *all that is faulty*, would be to quote *more than half the poem*; we shall therefore content ourselves with presenting a few passages by way of specimen. The first that we cite will serve as a sample of the *unwarrantable carelessness*," &c.—"a specimen of the *burlesque*. Another passage is in the *true spirit of the bathos*. The speeches are *sad common-place*. The language is sometimes *incomparibly** *mean*. These faults are most of them *so common*, as absolutely to form the characteristics of the poem."—Beau Monde.

"We never saw so amiable an imagination, so gentle graces, so great variety, or so refined a knowledge of the world, combined in ANY POET OF ANY AGE. Gladly we follow him as he rambles on; and if he run a little riot, who, that has a taste for those graces beyond the reach of art, will not hang entranced upon his lips, as he sings his wood-notes wild? In lyric composition, Mr. Scott HAS NO EQUAL. The relation of the battle HAS NO PARALLEL IN VERSE, and is INIMITABLE —[Quotation.] No painter worthy of the name, can read that description, and sleep till he has embodied the imagination of the poet! The last canto of this exquisite poem confers more lasting honor on Scotland, than twenty Ossians, whose authenticity should have no loop-hole to hang a doubt upon, and in excellence, as far as relate to its presumption,† it may sing *cedite to ALL THE DAYS THAT ARE PAST*."—Monthly Mirror.

* "Incomparibly:" so in the original.—SATIRIST.

† This is correctly copied, but we do not at all understand it.—SATIRIST.

§ "What Voltaire said of Pope, we do not scruple to say of this IMMORTAL author. We have called him IMMORTAL, because *no other date** can be justly given to the wreath which he has woven.—The same striking excellence pervades this poem, and renders the whole a picture true to nature, and consequently ETERNAL in its duration."—Monthly Mirror.

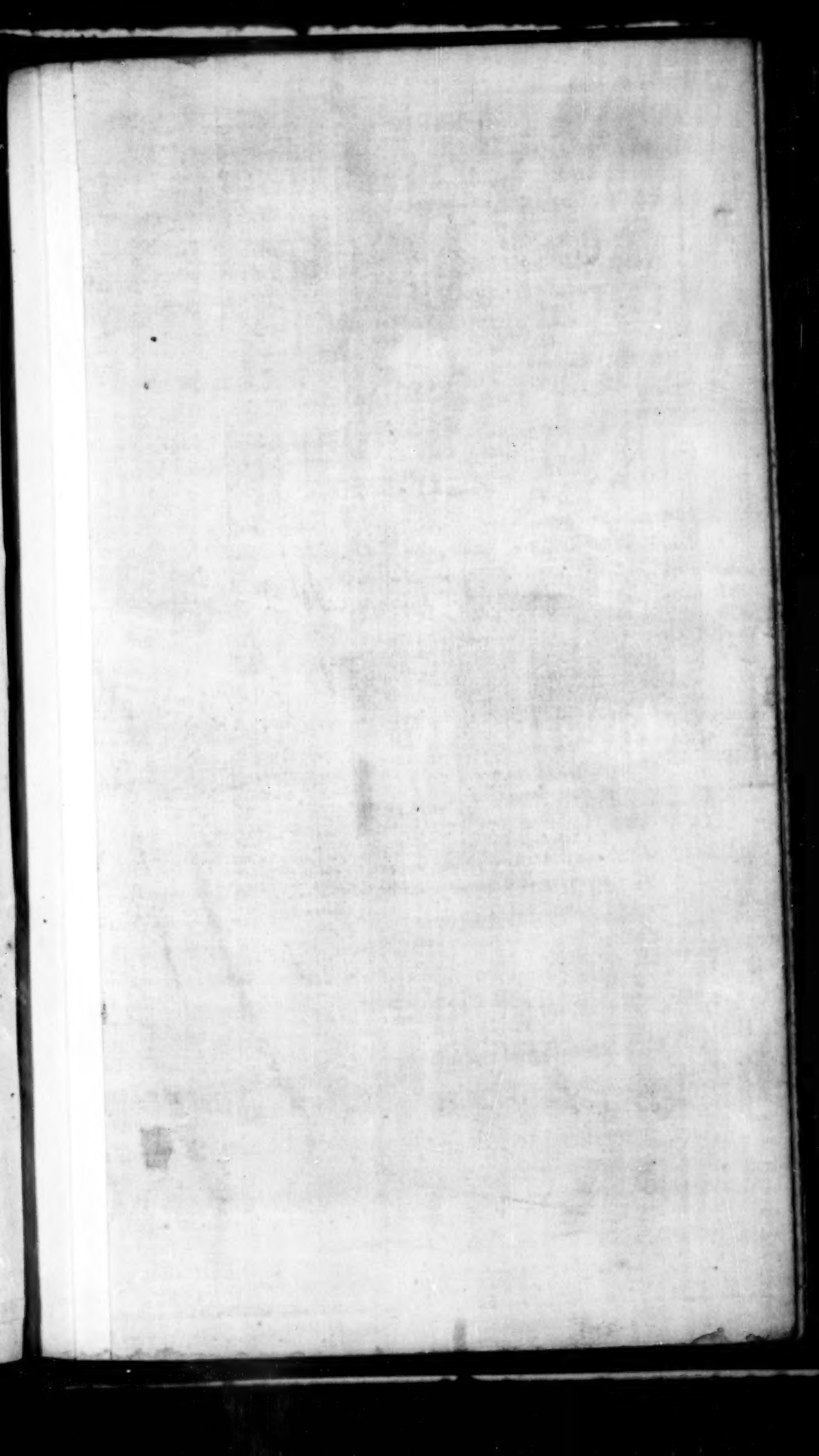
"We will venture to prophesy that Marmion will repose in humble obscurity LONG BEFORE the PRESENT GENERATION shall pass away."—Universal Magazine.

2. Introduction to an Analytical Dictionary of the English Language by David Booth.

"Many parts of this volume we have perused with singular satisfaction; and can safely recommend it to the reader, as containing within a short compass a greater quantity of *genuine etymological erudition* relative to the formation and structure of the English language, than any work with which we are acquainted." Mr. Booth has certainly been much indebted to the labours of Mr. Horne Tooke; but still, after deducting his obligations to that gentleman, enough will remain to establish his claim to the title of a *correct, erudite, and penetrating philologist*."—Critical Review.

"We wish the author calmly to *examine whether he is qualified* for his office. *If he be much versed in the Latin tongue, it is strange, that,*" &c. "*If he be much at home in Greek, we think that he betrays too partial a bias,*" &c. "*To derive,*" &c. "*certainly looks like ignorance* of the principles on which modern languages have been formed from the ancient; and in the following observation, he falls into that *very fanciful* strain of originating words, which has so long obstructed the attainment of solid information on the subject."—Monthly Review.

* What sort of a date is this?—SATIRIST.





THE PORCUPINE AND THE UNION JACK
BY J. H. B. 1871

